

DISORDER

OCTOBER 88
THAT MAG FROM
CITR 101.9



ROCK
1988

FOLD

NOW

BLA



OE3

2ND

2

fold

OPEN

CK

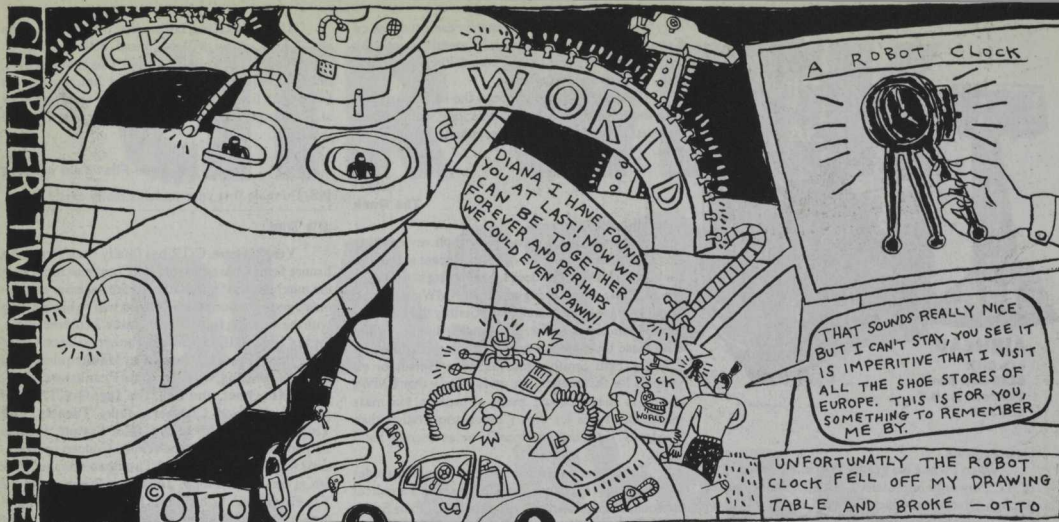


HOMER ST

SKIN

HOMER ST

688 7607



This ISSUE

6 HIPPIE DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
And You Better Believe It



8 BEATNIGS
A Political, Industrial, Funk Kind Of Thing

Most

ISSUES

4 AIRHEAD
readers who write

4 IT'S TRUE
and it's happening

30 UNDER REVIEW
stickdog, dayglos, nurse with wound and more

33 ON THE DIAL
every person's guide to citr

37 PROFILE
oversoul seven

12 REFLECTIONS OVER A COCKROACH PIZZA
Looking For That Sound

14 KATIE WEBSTER
The Swamp Boogie Queen Talks About Otis Redding, Her Parents And Competing In A Situation Dominated By Men

17 ELVIS NOT DEAD; ME HIM
How To Become Hot Stuff On College Radio

20 THE CLUBS THANG
A Look At Local Motion In The Clubs

22 THE RIGHT DIRECTION
A Story

25 FAMILY AFFAIR
The Report On The Kinsey Report

28 ESTHER BEJARANO: A SURVIVOR
A Survivor In The Strictest Sense

DISORDER

OCTOBER 1988 * ISSUE #69

EDITOR Kevin Smith

WRITERS Laura Zerebeski, Lloyd Ullana, James Boldt, Andrea Lupini, David M., Janis McKenzie, Guy Bennett, Lachlan Murray, Pat Carroll

ARTISTS Michael Fraser, Miles Harrison, Scott Fearnley, William Thompson, Paul Leahy

PHOTOGRAPHER Mandel Ngan

COVER Dax Howell

PRODUCTION MANAGER Michael Grigg

LAYOUT BY Viola Funk, Nicola Philp, Fernando Medrano, Holly Hendrigan, Renata Oballa, Lisa Marr, Scott Fearnley, Pat Carroll, Marty George

PROGRAM GUIDE BY Kathryn Hayashi

WORDPROCESSING Barb Wilson, Viola Funk, Karen Wong, Miss Finch

TYPESETTING AMS Desktop Publishing

ADVERTISING AND DISTRIBUTION MANAGER Matt Richards

ACCOUNTS AND SUBSCRIPTION GUY Randy Iwata

PUBLISHER Harry Hertscheg

Disorder is That Magazine from CITR 101.9 Fm. It's published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. It's printed in Surrey, Canada. Disorder Magazine prints what it wants to, but pledges to (try and) put the CITR On The Dial program guide and Spin List record chart in every issue. It also vows to circulate 17,500 copies by the first of each month. Twelve-month subscriptions are \$12(US) in the States, \$20(CDN) elsewhere. Make money orders or certified cheques payable to Disorder Magazine. All written, drawn or photographed contributions are welcome. But don't expect to get anything back. To pick up CITR or to improve your reception, just put a little effort into it. Perhaps you need a better antenna? If you're a subscriber to Rogers, Shaw or Delta Cable, turn us on at 101.9 cable fm. Office hours for CITR, Disorder and the CITR Mobile Sound Rental are Monday-Friday, 10am-4pm. Please call then. The number is 228-3017. For the News/Sports Room, call 224-4320. But if you want to talk to the DJ, call 228-2487 or 228-CITR.



AIRHEAD
c/o CITR
6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Dear Airhead,

When I was a lad growing up in the backwoods of B.C., my only impressions of U.B.C. were gained through Discorder, which I picked up on my occasional visits to Vancouver. Because your magazine is assembled by cool, alternative types with eclectic musical tastes, I assumed that many U.B.C. students would be like that. I looked forward to coming to the University, living in residence and associating with all the great folks here.

Well, I'm here, but where the hell are they? The only type of person living on campus is the same kind of dork that I thought I left back in my home town. I should have known better. I'm sick of these dumb jocks with names like Todd or Jason who think that alternative music is, like, the Doors, and who live

only for each Friday night when they can get drunk on Kokane and poke their measly members into the tight holes of their bleached-blond Playboy centre-fold, surrogate girlfriends.

Oh God, if I have to spend the next four years with these jerks, it's going to be a long, hellish time. At least I'll have CITR and Discorder to help ease the pain.

Thanks!
The Rank

Dear Airhead,

Rockin' Patrick's one paragraph review suggests Patti Smith's Dream of Life is meant as pabulum for yuppies' BMW CD decks. Not having heard of the album I just want to suggest that BMWs are quite possibly a good mark and CDs possibly the best pre-recorded music can offer. The fact that dipsticks glom onto these toys doesn't necessarily mean BMWs or CDs (or Patti Smith's records since Horses or all yuppies for that matter) are awful. Only that BMWs and CDs may become more affordable via mass marketing, apres les dips ("innovators" rather than "laggards" in ConsumeSpeak), or as second hand items.

Either that or Rockin' Patrick might consider forsaking both cars and sound. Now there's a radical approach, moreso than his suggestion that Patti Smith should've gone the way of Ian Curtis (ie, suicide).

Sincerely,
Brian Pratt
(no car presently, no CD as of yet)

Dear Airhead,

The letter from "Dressed in Black" in the September issue was shit. Don't you guys have an editor? It was so cutesy - "No. No. No. A slap on the hand to all who have such views." I wanted to puke! I never knew Ann Landers dressed in black, nor that she listened to Roots Roundup.

Also in this issue, Ian predicts that Jim Morrison and John Lennon will be found collaborating on something. **UTTER BULLSHIT!** This is impossible, not only is John Lennon dead, but Jim Morrison is living with Elvis Presley, Jimi Hendrix and Bruce Lee at Syd Barrett's mountain retreat. Otherwise the issue was great.

Yours,
A Male First Year student

P.S. Do male first year students really exist?

It's True

Yes, it's true. CITR has finally been awarded a license for increased power. By Christmas time, after the purchase and installation of the necessary equipment, god's favourite radio station will be broadcasting with the amazing force of 1800 watts. In the meantime, saga of SHINDIG continues. The contestants: Oct. 3 - Kalihari Ferarri, Sarcastic Mannequins, and Silent Gathering; Oct. 10 - The Pranksters, Free-water Knockout, and Benzzyne Jag; Oct. 17 - Evil AI and the Soul Crushers, Puke Theater, and Video Barbeque; Oct. 24 - Idiot Savant, Picasso Set, and Love Among the Ruins. Concert presentations for October - Richard Thompson on the 5th & 6th at the Town Pump; Jonathan Richman at the Van East on the 12th; Toure Kunda at the Commodore on the 20th; Sons of Freedom at the Pump on the 20th-22nd with the Honeymoon Killers opening on the 20th; and finally, the Butthole Surfers on the 27th in the SUB Ballroom (yes, all ages welcome).

Tune into CITR on October 14 at 1:20pm to find out who wins a radio show broadcast from their home. That will be just one of the many highlights of CITR Week which runs Oct. 11-14. Other activities include: live broadcasts and lunchtime performances; and Blast Off, a gig in the SUB Ballroom on the 14th at 7:30pm featuring the Scramblers, Tartan Haggis, Frank Frink Five, the Evaporators and the Smugglers. Tix \$6 advance, \$7 at the door.



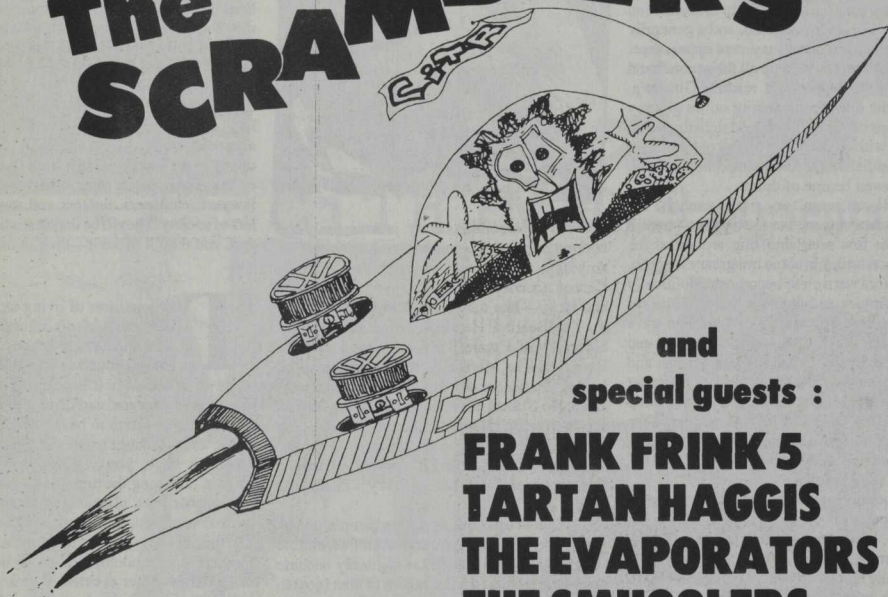
MEKKA

Clothing • New and Used
1204 Commercial Drive
251-7390

CITR WEEK BLASTOFF!

with:

The SCRAMBLERS



and
special guests :

**FRANK FRINK 5
TARTAN HAGGIS
THE EVAPORATORS
THE SMUGGLERS**

**FRIDAY OCT • 14 7:30 pm
SUB BALLROOM**

**AN ALL AGES
SHOW**

Tickets \$6 advance, \$7 at the door, available at CITR, AMS Box office, Track Records, Zulu & Highlife

Hippie Days Are Here Again



Oh, no! Can it be? Has the trend of much popularized Yuppie acquisitionism finally returned to naïve idealism? Does there seem to be a resurgence of youthful unity? Do you smell a whiff of something unutterably groovy in the air? Yes, Virginia, the sixties are back.

You needn't search high and low to spot them: the Pseudo-hippies. They are the ones sprouting store-bought tie-dyed t-shirts, Lennon sunglasses (or regular glasses, and even plain-glass glasses... anything to be cool...), peace signs, long hair, friendship bracelets (an eighties version of love beads), and a generally tattered and tacky, devil-may-care appearance. They are the ones buying up all the secondhand copies of Sgt. Pepper and reading Ginsberg. They are the ones seen hanging out in gloomy coffee shops on Granville Island debating existentialism with communists (or is it communism with existentialists?). At any rate, they're here. You may even be one of them.

Good Lord, wasn't one sixties enough? We all know what happened to the hippies—except the leftover few seen shuffling around at the Dylan concert stuck in some imaginary Love-in. The survivors went on to become the politically inspired Yuppies and then the materialistic so-called Yuppies. The sixties expired and gave way to a decade fraught with confusion and disco. Short-lived, it died a violent death and now no one has any interest in making polyester fashionable again. The stock market picked up where the Bee Gees left off and suddenly the sixties were a very foggy memory in the minds of most thirtysomething-year-olds. Yup, yup, yuppie, that's all, folks.

Not quite. Now that twenty years has gone by, there seems to be a misty romanticism about the sixties. Was it not a time of peace and love? Of freedom and discovery? Of united opinions and absolute non-conformity? Not to mention a time of the greatest music in the world? Blame it on "The Big Chill", the various new and realistic Vietnam war flicks, TV's recent sleeper "thirtysomething", and the documentary "It Was Twenty Years Ago Today" which commemorated "Sgt. Pepper" and The Summer of Love. Yes, there's definitely nostalgia.

At least, nostalgia felt by the Pseudohippies. Born in the mid-to-late sixties, too late for love beads and too early for the Sex Pistols, this is one generation with an identity crisis. Perhaps this is why they steal from every other generation. After all, who wants to be remembered as the Esprit/Benetton set?



All of a sudden, army jackets (only the tattered ones with genuine bloodstains) are in. Anything made in an impoverished South or Central American country (no matter how gaudy and tacky—like those silly string bracelets) is in. The Beatles, Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, Steppenwolf, Cream, The Doors, Joplin, Dylan, Baez, and The Mamas & The Papas are all in. Harley-Davidsons are in. Causes are in. Peace, Love, No Nukes; in, in, in. Smile buttons are in. Patched denim is in. Leather vests are in. Beads are in. Making your own lunch is okay but growing it is even better. It's best if you smoke it rather than eat it. What's groovy is in. Get hip or be a drip.

What started out as a nice, simple underground revolutionary resurgence of admirable Haight-Ashburian ideals has suddenly become one of the tackiest things known to man (next to polyester): A FAD.

Who needs it?

There must be a decent solution. What has not been "in" yet that truly deserves some recognition? Just about every worthwhile identity is unoriginal—and we all know how hard it is to be an "individual"—with the exception of one. Look around campus and see the Punks, the Pseudohippies, the Rebel Rockers, the Bat People, the Skaters, the Artsies, the Jocks, the Clean-Cut Collegiates and numerous others, all interchangeable. Potato people, with only one outstanding long-ignored minority that earns a certain amount of praise for never having been overly fashionable: The Nerd.

You know who they are—also known as Geeks, Wimps, Weaklings, Brains, Straights, Eggheads, Jerks, Toads, etc.—the scapegoats and outcasts. You can find them near the front of the class. There they are, unobtrusive with their slide-rules, too-thick glasses, untidy hair (naturally untidy, not backcombed for the untidy effect), and clothes that are simply too nondescript to be fashionable. Who notices them? Or rather, does anyone notice them?

You should. You should respect these people. They are the only ones who are not the least bit concerned with following trends. They may be physically unappealing, overweight, with bad skin, full of imperfections and insecurity but at least they are far more human than today's slickly packaged hipsters. They don't read the right material, listen to the right music, or behave quite the right way. They don't follow the accepted Norm. They obviously have better things to do—like getting a high G.P.A. Like it or not, chances are they will be tomorrow's lawyers, engineers, doctors and respected pillars of society. They'll be the idealistic contributors, and they'll make it—they're used to pressure.

The pressures of living today are unbelievable. Media influence confuses us with mixed messages. No sooner has one found an acceptable identity when all of a sudden it is obsolete and you are looking at a thousand carbon copies of yourself. Human nature seems to have a need to fit into a niche, and the niche changes all the time. Still, if you look back, you can see these so-called "Nerds" all along the timeline—ignored, never fashionable, yet classic and enduring. That means, mind you, they are the real outcasts, not like the ones who purport to be outcasts: like the Punks, the Pseudohippies, the Rebel Rockers, or any of the other et cetera. Think only of the ones you picked on in elementary school. It's in to be hip, it's hip to be in, but why not try being out for a change? Lord knows it's the only thing that hasn't been in yet.

So throw out your peace signs and other useless causes, unless you genuinely believe in them. Cast out your Lennon glasses, unless you really need them. Junk the tattered jeans, unless it's the only pair you own. Lose the whole lot of those Pseudohippie props and get back to basics. Ignore the radio and fashion magazines, roll up those nondescript sleeves, get to work and be real, for the times they are a-changin'.

Laura Zerebeski

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

TIMBRE

**THE RICHARD
THOMPSON BAND**
with Christine Collister

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 5 &
THURSDAY OCTOBER 6
THE TOWN PUMP



THURSDAY OCT 20
THE COMMODORE

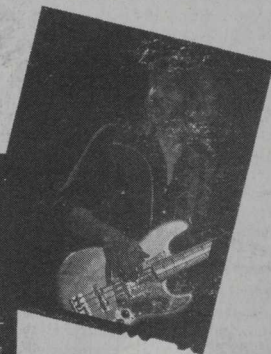
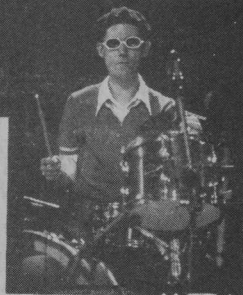
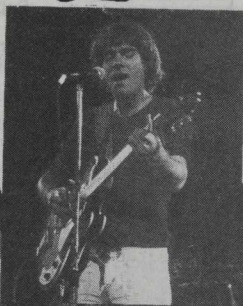
TOURE KUNDA
with guests



CiTR FM 101.9 presents



WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 12
THE VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE



**JONATHAN
RICHMAN**

ALL TICKETS

Ticketmaster/VTC, Zulu, Black Swan,
Highlife & Track Records.
Charge by Phone 280-4444

BEATNIGS

by Lloyd Ullana
Soup Stock From the Bones of
the Elephant Man
Fridays 12:30-5:00am

Jello Biafra's side-project with members of Shockabilly, Bank of Sodom, and the recent releases on his San Francisco based Alternative Tentacles Record by Stickdog, Alice Donut, and the Beatnigs gives credence to the claim Biafra made following his December 13 No More Censorship spoken word extravaganza in Seattle. The Jello one stated that he and the label would be seriously considering involvement in more adventurous, yet still socially critical styles of music. Of the current crop of Alternative Tentacles performers just mentioned, San Fran's Beatnigs embody these qualities to the greatest extent. Cross the stage

presence of SNFU with the scrap-metal pounding parties of Test Dept. or Rhythm and Noise, add the anti-white supremacist stance of no one I can think of outside of folk festival circles, and you can understand why they're such a hit in Vancouver and all along the West coast.

Last month the Beatnigs were in town opening up for Billy Bragg. It was their second pair of shows locally this summer. The band took some time out to talk to Discorder.

YOU'RE QUITE DOWN ON TELEVISION? (In reference to Television on their self-titled album - "...television, drug of the nation / Breeding ignorance / Feeding radiation / TV! Is this the reason why less than ten percent of our nation reads books daily / Why most people think Central America means Kansas / Communism means Unamerican / and apartheid is a new headache remedy...")

MIKE FRANTI: Well, I'm not down on television. I'm down on programming that has taken place. I view television as a very powerful medium. I'm down on it when it's used in a way that is very manipulative and that does not question anything and just perpetuates the status quo, which I personally believe is very ill at this time.

ANDRE FLORES: It's been used as a tool to perpetuate a lot of negative stereotypical shit about people.

HENRY FLOOD: And is continuing to as we speak right now.

ANDRE: Continues...continues...as long as it's all about money...it's all about oppressing people in different kinds of ways: artistically, poetically, all kinds of ways, it's there. And that is what we don't like. We'll sit up and watch TV all day. There's things we like to watch.

RONO TSE: (laughs) Robocop...Terminator.

ANDRE: We try to be selective and objective about what we're watching. But what we're singing about is the mindless bullshit that has been going on with television as a medium ever since it has been on the planet. People get the wrong idea, we don't hate TV, just what goes on it...programming that's based on consumer-ship rather than on...

MIKE: Rather than being based on the reality of what's going on in the world.

ANDRE: It's what sells...what's gonna sell my product...blondes, fast cars and sex. That's the shit.

HENRY: Then if you're lucky, you can get a half hour program late at night to see something alternative.

ANDRE: Or just another point of view. We like to see that. We like to see the left side, the right side, all the sides talking, so you can really understand, have the full experience, because it's a beautiful medium that could be used to do that.

HENRY: It could bring a lot of people together.

ANDRE: Exactly, that's all we're talking about.

ON "STREET FULLA NIGS" WHAT'S THE CLIP YOU USE...SOUNDS LIKE 'stop it' OR 'Beatnig'?

ANDRE: It says 'aaagh, nigs'. I'm the one who developed that sound 'cause I play sampler and it comes from a hysteria when white people see people of colour. It's like 'oh, fuck, what am I dealing with?' It's that kind of funny reactionary thing, but first you gotta know what a 'nig' is.

MIKE: In the Aural Instruction Manual which comes with the record, there's an explanation of

Photo: Mandel Ngan



what the word 'nig' means to us. A lot of people have different impressions about the name of the band - the Beatnigs. Some people think that we're a nazi slash band talking about black people. And some people think we're just trying to be cute or funny with a play on words. But what it is, is a positive acronym derived from the word 'nigger', which describes who we are and what we believe in. And the reason that we chose to shorten the word nigger rather than try and make up a new word, is to never forget the fact that in the society we live in, there are a lot of people who are considered niggers. Women are niggers in our society, gays are niggers in our society, Asians are niggers, people from the Middle East are niggers, black people are all niggers.

HENRY: And poor white people.

MIKE: And poor white people as well. And anybody who questions the status quo, regardless of race, regardless of religion. We use the word as a symbol of strength... a symbol of unity. We don't want to forget we are considered by the majority of people to be niggers. We use that 'nig' to remember... as a constant reminder.

RONO: 'Cause they won't let us forget.

MIKE: It's a symbol of strength that we can persevere...that we can make a difference in this world and that the difference starts with each of us. It starts with me. Malcolm X, who is someone that we have a great deal of respect for and

admiration, we've written a song about him as well. He chose the X as a replacement for his slave name - Little. 'Cause he said "I'm an African... I'm not a slave. I'm rejecting this word 'Little' and using the 'X' until things have really changed and when they have changed, then I will take my American name and I must be very proud of that in this country." And that's kind of the way we use that word 'nig'.

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN YOUR LIVES HAVE CAUSED YOU TO BECOME SO ACTIVE...SO VOCAL?

ANDRE: Straight up, my experience is from being a young black man in America who is a product of black parents who went through some very, very, very difficult problems in their lifetime, to the point that they thought it was a very good idea to not bring me up in a community that was predominantly one racial group or one religious group. They wanted me to live in a community that was fairly integrated and I ended up going to all-white schools. All my friends were white. Some critical aspects of the black experience I missed...some interesting, some not so interesting. But, being black, there was just so much that I've experienced purely because of the simple fact that, I was raised in a white community. As I grew and was able to make decisions and see things for myself, I began to make changes and began to open my eyes and learn, seeing that there's other people out there...there's more things to absorb and there's one main important thing that I needed to

resolve with myself and that was my black self. For a very long time, I was confused about my black self because my parents were confused about their black self. It's all part of the history. It's all part of all our history, here. The Beatnigs...being with the Beatnigs, that is the most positive thing that has happened in my life. The family has done as much as they could do up to a point. I'm grown now, I'm on my own. I've got another family. The Beatnigs are that family.

RONO: Andre used to be very arrogant. He had a lot of attitude problems.

ANDRE: Right! Based upon my insecurities, which I got from my parents. My parents were very insecure about being black. That is such a weird trip, if you can put yourself in that position...if you can just try to be there. That is a very serious trip to go through. For anybody. To be insecure about your own race and where you come from and what your are all about - spiritually, everything...everything that is me, that I was told is me, I found was not me! It's not me and that tripped me out. That made me want to just turn away from everybody. I was insecure and still am a very insecure person. And what I do a lot of times to confront that is I throw up this arrogant shield. You don't talk to me, I don't talk to you. But there's one thing that I'd like to say is that recognizing that fact, we all have to get in touch with our inner self and try to break down these barriers. That insecurity is a barrier. As I work on it, I want to share it with other people so they can work on their shit, too. ★

AND I SAW A DOOR IN HEAVEN AND HEARD THE SAME VOICE SPEAKING THE VOICE LIKE A TRUMPET SAYING "COME UP AND I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS TO COME TO THE FUTURE"

—REVELATIONS IV:1—

JOHN FLUEVOG

852 Granville Street Vancouver British Columbia Canada V6Z 1K3 (604) 688-2828

**WORK LESS,
GET HIGHER MARKS**

WE CAN HELP!
call RICK ORNAR
879-6121

TIME:TEXT STUDENT EDITION

A system that teaches you to get control of your time, cope with the information overload and get more mileage out of your studies.

Call Today

FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

BUTTHOLE SURFERS

AND

NUMB

ABG

REFRESHMENTS

IN THE
PARTY ROOM

ALL AGES

Thurs., Oct. 27

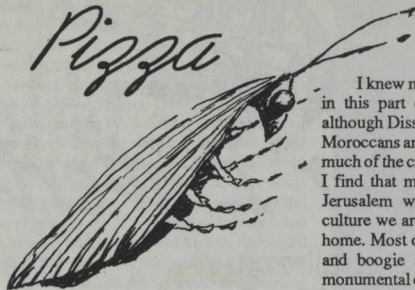
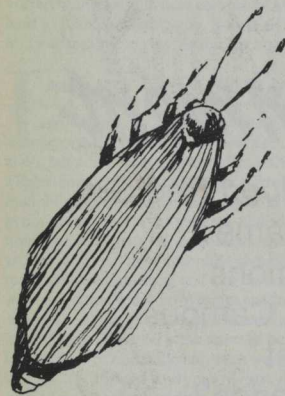
SUB Ballroom • Door at 8pm

UBC Students \$14.50, Non-UBC \$15.50

Tix at Zulu/Odyssey/AMS Box Office/Black Swan



Reflections Over A Cockroach Pizza



I am tired. I spent a large part of the day in the Hebrew new city searching for a good record store and information on concerts, musical artists and bands. I had a romantic belief that I would discover a new sound, a third world musical genesis going on, free from the collapsing cultural dogma of North America—something new and exciting. When I first heard the Brian Eno and David Byrne album "My Life in the Bush of Ghosts" I thought, "Alright, you've discovered something here; third world ethnic roots combined with a synthesis of experimental western musical technology." Just as also I thought it was I who discovered army sweaters, Patrick McGooan, and all those groovy African bands such as Fela, Franco, and King Sunny Ade. Now I find out roots music is in. Scottish bands are "Celtic" bands, country musicians are becoming "grass roots", punk is "urban folk", Bulgarian shepherdesses are making it into every dance mix, and Paul Simon is hanging out with a bunch of Zulus.

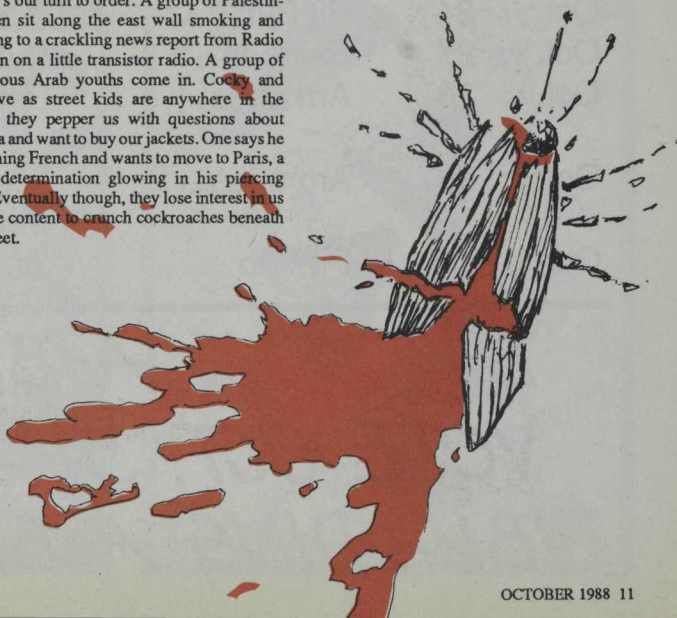
It's our turn to order. A group of Palestinian men sit along the east wall smoking and listening to a crackling news report from Radio Amman on a little transistor radio. A group of boisterous Arab youths come in. Cocky and assertive as street kids are anywhere in the world, they pepper us with questions about Canada and want to buy our jackets. One says he is learning French and wants to move to Paris, a fierce determination glowing in his piercing eyes. Eventually though, they lose interest in us and are content to crunch cockroaches beneath their feet.

You used to be able to see and hear the most incredible collection of people during a day in Jerusalem: Russian and Greek priests; Malaysian friars; Ethiopian coptic monks; tall and pale orthodox Jews; Arab merchants; the always colourful Bedouins who drive to town everyday in their little Peugeot; African Muslim pilgrims rubbing shoulders with armed soldiers; red haired punks from Amsterdam shuffling alongside black cloaked Assyrian nuns; and, of course, the dusty, barefooted children who cling to visitors like burrs — everyone crushed together in the narrow streets, but living strangely disconnected lives.

Now the streets are empty and unsettlingly quiet; only our shadows and the plodding of our feet on the wet stones break the stillness. Ever since the P.L.O. declared a strike and shut down the markets and shops, by threats of violence in some cases, a feeling of desertion began to fill this normally vibrant city. Even the Bedouins, who usually answer to no one but themselves, are staying away. And no end seems in sight for the political deadlock between the Israeli occupiers and the Palestinian extremists. The stillness just goes on.

Finally we find our street; an unhealthy looking unpaved path in the Muslim quarter. A single opening, bordered by the traditional blue doors, is lit and we enter. Abdullah is making his cockroach pizzas on the tiled floor as he stands in a shallow pit in the middle of the room. We call them cockroach pizzas because the place is infested with huge, mutant cockroaches and once in awhile we get crunchy things on our pizzas which we hope and pray are olives or meat, but of whose origin we are never quite certain.

I knew musical innovations are happening in this part of the world. On the pop side, although Dissidenten and their boppin' band of Moroccans are called a "Euro-ethno beat" band, much of the creative input is North African. But I find that most of the young people here in Jerusalem worship the stagnant mainstream culture we are trying to break away from back home. Most of them are content to go to clubs and boogie away to North America's most monumental cultural export of the last decade—disco. And I mean DISCO—white suit and gold chain stuff. What makes it worse is that until the uprisings everyone played it on these cheap little radios cranked up to eight so that everything came out as a sort of distorted bleating. Now, with the streets vacant, you can only hear it in the discos where everyone dresses like the Jackson Brothers and dances the night away in front of the mirrored walls which encircle the dancefloors in all the clubs. "Jazz" is also big here—neobeatniks freeform stuff which you can catch in the trendy Hebrew cafes (bring your beret). Old Neil Young songs are also popular with the students, as is anything from the sixties. Purely traditional stuff exists too—recitals, plays, concerts—which are fun but somewhat few and far between.





October Entertainment

Oct.	1	Ballroom	Under a Blood Red Sky
	1	T-Bird Stadium	Football Game
Oct.	3	Pit Pub	Wailin Demons
		Homecoming	Parade on Campus
Oct.	7	Ballroom	Octoberfest
Oct.	10	Pit Pub?	Monday Bands?
Oct.	14	Armories	Skaboom
Oct.	15	Ballroom	Hydro Electric Streetcar
			Crazy Fingers
Oct.	17	Pit Pub?	
Oct.	21	Ballroom	Rolling Stones/Who/Peter
			Gabriel KBFF Benefit
Oct.	24	Pit Pub	
Oct.	27	Ballroom	Butthole Surfers
Oct.	28	Armories	Barney Bentall/After All/
			Mya Max
Oct.	24	Armories	Idle Eyes/After All
			Soul Apostles
Oct.	31	Pit Pub	Jazzmanian Devils

BUILDING A BUILDING
VOTE OCT. 31 - NOV. 4
BUILDING A BUILDING

Some people are trying, though. Ali works at our hotel and, through meeting people from all over the world, has managed to put together a rather eclectic collection of tapes ranging from Billy Bragg and the Alarm to Debussy and traditional Arab love songs. He is also teaching himself German and French and is getting involved with a local theatre company. All in all, he is a rather interesting guy, even if all he does in his spare time is play Arabic baglammon.

I notice several Jewish soldiers have entered, dressed in their elaborate rain gear and with potent-looking assault rifles slung from their shoulders. I expect a tense situation, but none occurs. One soldier walks up to a Palestinian and asks for a smoke in Arabic. The man obliges unhesitatingly. Then one of the women in our group talks to the soldiers who, although tired and wet, perk up, as soldiers tend to do around any remotely receptive female. Soon many people are talking and I'm thinking how strange it is that when dawn brings another hard-edged day to this place, these Palestinians may meet these soldiers on some street in battle and be wounded or even killed or, even worse, learn to kill. Yet tonight everyone is just hanging around waiting for a cockroach pizza.

As I glance into the dark, wet, empty street, a realisation begins to creep into my mind. This place - these narrow passageways of stairs and stones; the archaic, twisting markets with all their colours, smells and sounds; the crumbling

churches and mosques; the yeshiva and madrasa schools; the tombs and shrines; the chaotic jumble of houses, cafes and courtyards - this place is about life and living, faith and hope, and has been throughout its turbulent 5000 year history. It should be full of haggling grandmothers, screeching children, clinking silverware, shouting vendors, music, sizzling falafel and kebab stands, scolding fathers, snorting mules, loud foreigners, maybe even disco on little transistor radios. But today, the old city, and much of the new one, is silent, hollow, and deserted. Except for the lonely cry from a minaret and the occasional ring of distant church bells, only the wind has a chance to speak. I guess I discovered that new sound I had never heard before, the sound of silence - the music of fear and the song of war.

The silence found Ali a week later. One day he was walking with a friend when the police stopped them and roughed them up quite severely. Ali's ghetto blaster, his only source of music, was smashed in the incident. Now he sits quietly in the hotel, attempting to hide his hurt with a weak smile. Without his tape deck, the tapes of music which were one of his few connections to an enticing, peaceful outside world became useless.

As the soldiers leave and we prepare to venture out into the blackness of Hagay Street, I realise my senses will never be able to forget Jerusalem: for my eyes, the stark beauty of this place; for my intestines, Abdullah's cockroach pizzas; and for my ears, the sound of silence.

James Boldt

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE
RECORD STORE IN NOVEMBER
ON CASSETTE AND DISC



**BOGARTS
RECORDS LTD**

**MUSIC
IS NOT
FATTENING**

1111 Commercial Drive Ph: 251-1161
4376 W. 10th Ave. Ph: 222-2332
L.P.'s Tapes C.D.'s



Katie Webster:

The Swamp Boogie Queen

At first glance, it's her rings that catch your eye. They're displayed conspicuously on those talented fingers, and when you admire them, Katie Webster moves her hand bashfully, so that the diamonds sparkle in the light. Before she performs, she explains, she gives them to her manager. She used to wear them when she played, but as the music got hot and her hands got wet, they'd slip off her fingers and slide into the cracks between the keys. Once, she giggles, it took a roadie four hours, a magnet, and some chewing gum to dislodge her most expensive diamond from between the ivories.

She looks impossibly young, no-

where near the forty-nine years her bio sheet lists as her age. The left eye droops; the right twinkles brightly as she talks about her first meeting with Otis Redding, then fills with tears a minute later when she recalls the plane crash that took his life. Much lighter than the days when one reviewer described her as "Two Hundred Pounds of Joy", she is as joyfully assured as ever, speaking with the conviction of someone who believes in what she does. Still, the big black hair bow, the giggle, and the bashful expression make her seem like a teenager, getting ready for her first gig.

The truth, however, is that Katie Webster has been singing and play-

ing boogie woogie, swamp pop, gospel, and r & b for thirty-five years, for audiences from Texas to Frankfurt. After retiring from the public eye following the death of Redding (with whom she toured for three years), she came back, establishing herself as a regular at jazz and blues festivals across Europe. Last month saw her return to Vancouver with a new album featuring Robert Cray, Bonnie Raitt, and Kim Wilson. And as she proved in the performance she gave following our conversation, she can still stir the soul and raise the roof beams with the music she makes.

The title of the new album is, what else, Katie Webster: The Swamp Boogie Queen.

And the Queen speaks:

After Otis passed away I kinda got into a slump, because I was so crazy about Otis Redding, and he was such a great man to work with. It was a down thing for me when he passed away...

I started working with him when I was working in Louisiana in a club called the Bamboo Club, and I had a house band working there, consisting of fifteen pieces. We'd been workin' there about five years, so the club owner asked me, he said, "Katie, I'd like to give you guys a break this Christmas, hire somebody to work in your places, and you guys can just sit and enjoy yourselves." I said, "Great, why don't you try and get Otis Redding?" And so, he laughed at me, he said "Ha, Ha, yah, I wish." I said, "You don't know, you have to ask," you know? So he called up Phil Walden and Otis's people, and they negotiated and made a deal for Otis to come and play at his place Christmas Eve.

So, as his band began to play, big bands at that time would play about thirty minutes instrumental, and nobody would sing. And then they'd call out the first vocalist. And then they'd call out the co-star, then they'd call out the star. So, it was like, the star didn't get out on the stage 'til about eleven o'clock, you know.

And so, at the club I was working at, it was a predominantly white club, they were accustomed to my band playing about three instrumentals. Then, somebody would start to singing. So, as the ban was playing, there was some guys that was there that loved me very much. It was about fifty people that was there; they were my ardent fans, they were there every night that I played, Monday through Saturday. So they said, "If you guys are not gonna sing, why don't you let Katie Webster sing?"

And the band start lookin' at each other very funny, very weird. They didn't know me. [The crowd] said "We want Katie to sing." But the band just kept playin', so these people, like started beatin' on the tables in the club. "We want Katie! We want Katie!" So the whole three thousand people in the club start beatin' on the table, "We want Katie." So you can imagine what that did.



Photo: Mandel Ngan

So one of the guys in the band says, "Well, who in the hell is Katie Webster?" And so one of these drunks staggers up and says "Only the best damn singer in the world! Best piano player in the world!" They kept callin' 'til finally my manager didn't want these people tearin' up his club. So he went into Otis' dressing room, and he said, "Otis, is it okay if the lady who has the house band in this club, is it okay if she sings a number with your band, these people are goin' crazy out here."

Otis says fine with him, but when I got up on the stage the band did not really want to play behind me. So they said, "What're you gonna sing?" I told them what I was going to sing, and I told them the key. So, they started the songs off in the wrong key, they thought I wouldn't know. And I said, "Listen. If you guys don't want to play behind me, put your damn instruments down 'cause I can play for myself."

So finally they got it together, and I did these songs with them, and while I was on the stage, and I saw this person running through the audience with just their underwear, red silk jockey shorts and a red silk undershirt, and he was runnin' out of the room wavin' his hands. I got really terrified, cause I thought he was saying, "Get that woman off the stage!" But he was sayin', "Don't let that woman get off the stage until I talk to her. I have to talk to her tonight. She's got to go to work with me." And they was covering him up and taking him back into the dressing room, and he was still wavin' his arms in the air.

So finally, after I finished my set with the band - and they complimented me and everything - I went into the dressing room. Otis grabbed me and he said, "Woman, I have never heard a woman or a man play a piano and an organ with such force and with such a strong voice." He said, "Woman, you've have got to be heard singing gospel music." I said, "All my life." He said, "I have to ask you one question. Would you be interested in workin' with my band?" My heart went boom, boom, boom, and I tried to be nonchalant. I said, "Oh, sure." He said, "Well, can you leave tonight?" And I said, "No, but I can leave very early in the morning!"

He pulled this big bus up to my house the next morning, and my kids, and all the neighbours, and everybody was outside, and here I am, this was my first chance at the big time.

Out on the road with Otis was one of the greatest things, because, he said, these people were working with him and for him, but they didn't put enough energy onstage before he would come out. So this meant he didn't have to work too hard. He wanted somebody to really put some power behind him. I weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds at that time. So I told him, "Well, I tell you what - I don't care who I'm before, or who I'm after - I'm just gonna do what Katie Webster know to do best, and that's to work hard. So you better fasten your seatbelt. If I'm your co-star you're gonna have to work hard when I leave the stage."

And we had such a grand time. I worked with Otis from nineteen sixty-five through to sixty-

seven... until he got killed in the plane crash. My reasons for not being on the plane was two things; I missed a beauty shop appointment, and I was pregnant, getting ready to have my third child, and the doctor was trying to get me not to go. And I was going to sneak on and go, and something happened. My beautician didn't arrive on time, and I was too late to catch the flight... And so I was gonna catch a flight the next morning, and that was when we got the news on the t.v. what had happened.

My father was a sanctified minister, and my mother was a missionary; my mother played the classics and gospel and sang, and my father played five instruments, and he sang. And so, we have this piano at home, and it had a key. I went out and had me a key made, because they didn't want me to play nothin' but gospel in the mornin', gospel in the evenin', and gospel at supper time. So I went out and had me a key made, so I could get at this piano when they were gone. And I started playin' the Little Richard songs, and Fats Domino songs, and Sam Cooke songs...

And I said, "Listen. If you guys don't want to play behind me, put your damn instruments down 'cause I can play for myself."

I started learnin' these songs, and finally, my brother got a group together in Houston called "Three Wigs and a Wiggle." They had three guys, they was the Wigs, and I was the Wiggle. And that was my first experience playin' and singin' in the nightclubs. I would always say I was goin' to my girlfriend Susan's whenever I was going out to work with some band.

So we had a beautiful family. I had six brothers and four sisters, and everybody played some kinda instrument. And one time we were all playin' and singin' in my father's and my brother-in-law's church. And my father used to take me on the road with him, to play for the services and stuff. By the time I was ten, I was singin' and playin' for the junior choir at church and everythin'. And then I just got a yen to start to playin' somethin' else other than gospel. Because I was listenin' to many Louisiana artists like Clifton Chenier, Clarence Garlow. And I was listenin' to the music of Professor Longhair and Fats Domino. This music just fascinated me. There was somethin' different about it that I jus' wanted to be a part of. But I knew that as long as I stayed at home with my parents I couldn't do that. So I went to live with an aunt of mine. She was a little more liberal.

I still couldn't do too much, but at least I could sing in the clubs. I could work in the clubs, I could wear the short dresses, I could cut my hair, and I could wear polish on my nails and things, and I could go to movies or to sockhops and stuff.

Before [my parents] passed away, I promised them that I would not leave my gospel roots. I would continue to do gospel music, but I just wanted to stretch out a bit. So they finally got a chance to see me, only in one performance, in Houston, Texas. I think I did somethin' like Sentimental Reasons, a real sweet ballad that was not derogatory or anything, and they said, "Oh, well Katie, that was beautiful."

I think that was the go ahead to me that, you know it's okay, but don't forget where you came from. Because when they passed away things just started happenin' for me. In a way I guess this was my blessing from God that I had missed when I was with Otis. He saved me, 'cause I could've been gone, me and my baby.

I was quite well known in Europe for my piano playin' but everybody was surprised when the first album came out with me singin'. In the beginnin' I said to the people in Bonn this is my first time comin' to you, and I hope it won't be my last. After the show, a seventy-five year old woman came into my dressing room and she said, "I have every album and every forty five you ever recorded. I've been waiting twenty five years to hear you and see you, and you don't look a day older than the old photos. Are you sure you're Katie Webster?"

I said, "Yes I am." She said, "Well, would you autograph my albums?" So I autographed her albums and her forty fives and then she said, "Now I can die, cause I have seen and heard the best."

And I just cried and cried. That gave me the strength. I said, "What do I have to be confused about? This lady said that her life could end... I just kept that in my mind, and now, the tour that's coming up in November will make twenty-five times that I've toured Europe since nineteen eighty two, and she's been to everyone of the concerts that's been in Frankfurt or Bonn.

I have no regrets. The only thing was the fact that we lost Otis so soon. We had such grand plans, and there will never ever be another Otis Redding, not even in his sons... But he comes to me sometimes in my dreams, and he talks with me and tells me things. Once I wanted to jus' give up, 'cause it was so hard for me. I was competing in a situation where they were only interested in men. I was the only woman who was doin' this work, and it seems to me that I'm still the only woman who's doin' this work now as a solo act, and still playin' boogie woogie and blues, while everybody else is doin' the pop-rock and such.

I never did change my style. For thirty-five years, I've supported five kids, three of them to college, I have a beautiful home in Missouri City, Texas... I've been doin' fine, jus' fine. Music has been good to me, and God has been good to me because he's kept me, and given me the strength to continue playin' beautiful music to beautiful people.

Andrea Lupini
The Radio Show
Fridays 5:30-6:00pm

Barrett

ELECTRONIC'S REPAIR & SALES

Reggae Videos For Rent
Reggae Magazines For Sale • Reggae CD's and Cassettes

"ASK ABOUT OUR LARGE SELECTION OF REGGAE
& WEST INDIES RECORDS"

875-9885

1391 Kingsway, Vancouver, B.C. V5V 3E3

**A book full of things Vancouver musicians
ought to know about the business of music**

A free offer from CAPAC

First, a commercial:

CAPAC is the non-profit organization which collects royalties for public performance of musical works by its members. That's well over \$10 million a year for CAPAC's members in Canada.

Now, the important stuff:

If you're a songwriter, composer, musician, or singer,
you ought to know everything you can about the business of music.
It's not an easy business — but you can come badly unstuck
if you don't know the basics.

To help you learn the bottom line, CAPAC's senior legal counsel,
John Mills Q.C., has written an important 46-page book called **You and
the Music Business**. It's a collection of vital information you have to
know — about contracts, copyright, mechanical and synchronization
rights, as well as performing rights and publishing.

Finally, more good news:

The book's free. Just fill in the coupon. And when you've read the book,
you're invited to visit — our Vancouver office (Suite 703, 1155 Robson
Street) to find out whether we can make your life in the music business
better than it is.

The Composers,
Authors & Publishers Association of Canada



Suite 703, 1155 Robson Street, Vancouver BC V6E 1B9
Don Osborn, Dorothy Allen (604) 689-8871

1240 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario M5R 2C2

Larry Fitzpatrick (416) 924-4427 / Richard Fiohil (416) 925-5138

1245 ouest rue Sherbrooke, bureau 1470, Montréal, Québec H3G 1G2
France Lafleur, Suzanne Munger (514) 288-4755

Please send a copy of John Mills' book **You and the Music Business**.
It's free, and maybe I'll learn something.

(CAPITALS, please)

Name

Address

Postal Code

Send to CAPAC, 1155 Robson Street, Suite 703, Vancouver, BC V6E 1B9

ALBINS

dr. T. SUPPLIES



368 Powell St.
Vancouver, B.C.

687-8006

MACLEOD'S

used & old

BOOKS



455 West Pender
Vancouver
681-7654

"ELVIS NOT DEAD; ME HIM"

(Attention-grabbing strategies for success in the cut-throat world of College Radio)

Hi, I'm David M. My musical group No Fun is one of the most highly-regarded musical groups on Southwest British Columbian College Radio today. We've also received national acclaim for our incredible cassette albums and wild 'n' wacky live performances. We've even been dubbed "The Beatles of Surrey" and God knows that's the truth.

But I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Aw, shit! I wanted to be the toast of College Radio! My group (Your Group's Name Here) is probably just as worthy of being highly-regarded on College Radio as those bozos! In fact, I bet they really suck!"

Well, fuck you. We don't. And you're going to feel even worse after I generously offer you and your group (Your Group's Name Here) some extremely valuable tips on how to make it big in College Radio. Like No Fun already has. Asshole.

But first, let's take a quick look at how the mainstream music business works (as we College Radio mainstays often do, no matter how much we hate to admit it).

HOW THE MUSIC BUSINESS WORKS

The music business is a pyramid scheme in which the suckers, I mean artists, enter at the bottom of the pyramid by spending money on musical instruments, studio time, videos to promote themselves, home recording equipment, stage outfits, hair extensions, records to learn licks from, rock magazines and books, liquor and drugs, and so on, ad infinitum. The huge amount of money thus generated works its way up the pyramid in stages, from say, you, up to say, 54-40, and from 54-40 up to The Church, and from The Church up to R.E.M., and from R.E.M. up to U2 and from U2 up to...well, ultimately all music business money ends up in

the deep pockets of five or six anonymous ugly old cigar-smoking guys in boxer shorts sitting around all day in their penthouse offices getting transfusions of infant blood to keep from crumbling into dust.

I don't think that any of this will come as any big shock to those involved with College Radio, though. I mean, that kind of bullshit is why we all opted out of that nowhere scene, right? Sure it is.

GREAT NAME (a great name for this section, as we shall see)

Now, you're going to need a great name for your band (or for you, if you are a solo artist). To be great, a name should be memorably ironic, because Irony fuels College Radio (along with Beer and Sexual Frustration, but let's face it, you can't get people drunk and fuck them with your name no matter how great it is).

Your name should also be funny, or more precisely, goofy. I could go on and on listing examples: They Might Be Giants, The Dead Milkmen, Butthole Surfers, Deja Voodoo, Head of David (yikes!), 64 Funnycars, and my screamingly-funny personal favourite, Tracy Chapman. I repeat, your name must be great. I think that if local heavy-metal spoofsters Ogre were renamed Ed Zeppelin, they'd rule College Radio.

But having a great name for your group is only the beginning. You must also have lots of great names for your songs, and, someday, your albums will need great names. For example, I wrote a song called "Great Name" which will be the opening track on No Fun's next album project, "Great Name". Pretty memorably ironic, eh?

And the beauty of it all is that if your name is great, your album's name is great, and your songs' names are great, you won't have to bother writing or playing actual music!

WELL, GEE, ISN'T MUSIC IMPORTANT TO COLLEGE RADIO?

"Music"? Are you kidding? Beethoven is

"music". Look, you're reading this article, so you're probably the genius of your band, right? Just hire some "musicians" and let them worry about the "music".

Yeah, I know, "musicians" are all worthless, boring, stupid, dime-a-dozen, smelly jazz-fusion snobs who'll hate your guts because they have no vision, but they can give your group that ultra-thin veneer of professionalism College Radio demands. Be careful, though. Hardly practise it at all. It'll preserve that loose Garage Band sound College Radio loves.

And in time, when your "musicians" start demanding that your group "change musical direction" (usually towards jazz-fusion), simply fire them. Kill them if you can get away with it—College Radio goes mental if dead guys used to be in your band.

EXHUMING ELVIS

Let's take Elvis Presley for example. The guy was an inhumanly-gifted piece of white trash (with a great name, by the way). The utterly evil music business played off his weaknesses to milk his gift, squashing what was left of him on their way to the bank. The multiple ambiguities of Elvis' life and death have an intellectual fascination for those of us who aren't inhumanly-gifted pieces of white trash.

This explains why a key to success in College Radio is how creatively an artist can ridicule Elvis. When Mojo Nixon howls "Elvis Is Everywhere", or Chris Houston does his "Church of the Fallen Elvis" routine, or The Cramps title an album "A Date With Elvis", or Vancouver's own A Merry Cow sing "Who Is This Elvis Guy Anyway?", they're making a Statement, and the Statement is "Hey, the music business can't co-opt and kill us like they did that poor ignorant cracker son-of-a-bitch Elvis Presley!"

Well, that just goes to show how worthless book-learnin' is. Little do they realise that the music business had nothing to do with the death of Elvis. Why, I'm not even dead!

FEET BEAT IMPORTS

SPECIALIZING IN CLUB & AEROBIC
DANCE MUSIC FOR WHOLESALE,
RETAIL & DISTRIBUTION

We are now producing high
quality 12" dance remixes and
edits for songs and artists.

Recent projects include
George Michael "Monkey"
Jody Watley "Most of All"
Rick Astley

"It Would Take A Strong Man"

For further information call

MARIO S. DAVID

(604) 736-8556 Fax 736-4084

That's right! I, Elvis Presley, faked my own death in 1977, and I've been living as David M. of No Fun ever since. Didn't you notice that No Fun appeared right at the same time I disappeared? Well, congratulations to any No Fun or Elvis Presley fans clever enough to guess the truth by stringing the clues together: my on-stage charisma, my long jet-black hair and sideburns, my devastating sex appeal, my fluctuating weight, my incredible singing voice, my inaudible acoustic guitar, Priscilla having my '73 Torino seized for back alimony—why, hell, I even use my normal speaking voice at least once on every No Fun tape!

Anyhow, all you College kids just go ahead and keep poking fun at the ol' Kang. I can take it, you little no-talent pricks. And while you're at it, poke fun at everything else, too. The pay is sure as fuck the same—lousy!

Hey, Charlie! Where the hell's my plate of cheeseburgers? God damn it, do I have to do ever'thang mahself?

ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING...

...probably to confound the media by crisscrossing America yet again, romancing more of his middle-aged female fans. Here are a few additional College Radio success tips, in case he never comes back.

—Rip off Led Zeppelin whenever and wherever possible, but do disguise it a little. College Radio likes a Camper Van Beethoven, but nobody likes a Kingdom Come.

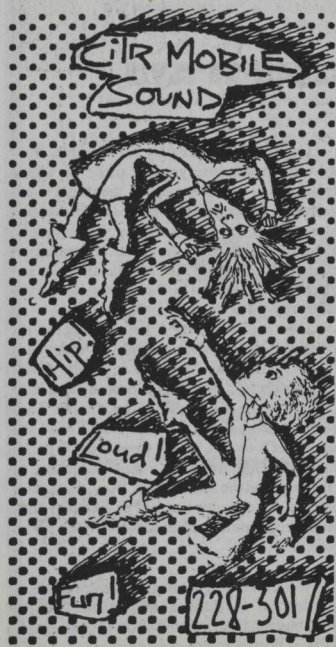
—There's an important lesson to be learned from the urban noise/dance music of Tackhead. If you don't have a James Brown-style system of fines for your "musicians", they'll think they can get away with anything.

—Here's an idea that seems so obvious it's hard to believe that no one in College Radio has tried it yet. Develop a reputation for being morbid and obsessed with dying, fake your own death and lay low for a year or so, then "return from the grave". Although this scheme requires patience - a quality always in short supply in the fast-paced, gimmick-laden world of College Radio - it would therefore have the element of surprise going for it. And it's only been done before by Elvis Presley, James Dean, and Jim Morrison, so you'd be in terrific company!

—Finally, remember that most people involved with College Radio are students, so treat them like a teacher would. Be strict with them right off the bat, or they'll never respect you. Punish them severely when they misbehave. And if they don't do enough for you, fail them.

That's all for now. Work hard and follow my advice, and maybe I'll be seeing you at the top of the College charts (hopefully just below No Fun). Good luck!

David M.



NATIONAL INQUIRER

"ELVIS NOT DEAD, ME HIM"
ELVIS PRESLEY REVEALS HIS NEW IDENTITY-
COLLEGE RADIO SUPERSTAR "DAVID M OF NO FUN"



It's easy to see in this series of photos exclusive to the Inquirer, how the disguise of "David M" is a combination of Elvis's and Priscilla's hair styles.

From King of Rock and Roll
to King of College Radio;
Elvis tells all.

was not known as a
not known as a
has been no one
was there as a new person
was
best known as a
not a new person.



PRESENTS



LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO

ON SALE
NOW

THURS. OCT. 13 • 8 pm

Queen Elizabeth Theatre

Tickets: **TICKETMASTER** / VTC locations.
VANCOUVER TICKET CENTRE

Charge by Phone
280-4444



You Can't Beat The Feelings!



Produced by Perryscope

the CLUBS thing



&

es, punk rock really is behind us and, according to just about everybody, we are living in a kind of musical doldrums. Well, maybe we are all waiting for the Next Big Thing, but the

truth is that even without the Savoy, even with-

out the old Arts Club myriad-band blowouts, even with hall gigs being few and far between lately, Vancouver is crawling with those young, original bands that often (for lack of anything better) get called "alternative", and there are places where you can see them play. Here is my personal, totally non-comprehensive list of venues:

The Commodore (870 Granville) is a kind of sentimental favourite of mine. Hell, my parents used to go there back in the days when you had to (surreptitiously) BYOB. Nowadays drinks are a little pricey but there aren't any pushy waitresses whacking you on the head for tips like at some places I could mention. And even after all the renovations, the room still has the

springy dance floor that's so satisfying to jump up and down on. Lots of times I've been frustrated watching a favourite band at the Commodore - when it's really packed and hot and you're stuck at the back somewhere it's not so great - but then there's always the option of listening from below on Granville mall while taking a break for some fresh air. The Commodore used to be the place to see bands too big for clubs and too small (or cool?) for the Coliseum - these days a lot of those shows are at 86 Street, but lately the Commodore has been booking lots of local bands.

86 Street (at the Expo site). Basically, I try not to go there unless I have no choice (like when the Hoodoo Gurus played - I'd have been crazy to miss that). While at the Commodore you can imagine you're in some mansion's ballroom or oversized antique saloon, 86 Street's motif is more future-glitz. There's some kind of flying saucer-like device on the ceiling that I've fortunately never seen in action, drinks are really expensive, and the waitresses never seem to like me much. On top of that, you always have to park a very long way away (unless you want to pay lots o' money) and hike around the horrific BC Place Stadium. The best thing about 86 Street, and this is kind of important, is that they have lots of very good bands from out of town, and circulate free tickets (as do a lot of the clubs right now) for the local bands they have in. (Just remember that the bands usually get something for each ticket that's turned in, so make sure the doorman actually takes them.)

Club Soda (1055 Homer) prints up free tickets (or variations thereof) for out-of-town as well as local bands. This really isn't a bad place - you can see the stage from pretty well anywhere in the club, and that means looking at bands like the Scramblers, Roots Roundup, the Nervous Fellas, and Junior Gone Wild. They also have so-called "metal" nights, where you can sometimes catch bands with local hardcore roots. My only complaints are related to the club's usual "rock'n'roll" (read beer commercial) characteristics: sometimes the soundmen don't seem to know quite how other types of bands want to sound, the decor is heavily reliant on airbrushed illustrations of bits of musical instruments, and I've seen some of this city's most adolescent/misogynistic felt pen drawings (with written comments) backstage. Still, some very worthwhile shows, especially on Sunday nights.

The Town Pump (66 Water Street) is bigger than Club Soda and smaller than 86 Street, just the right size for acts like the Young Fresh Fellows and Fastbacks, Rank and File, even Donovan, and the local bands with big draws. One advantage of this venue is its layout - between the two upstairs areas, the area by the pinball machines, the little hall behind the soundboard (that leads to the washrooms but still lets you see the stage) and the livingroom-type setting by the windows near the bar, you can either hide from or look out for any fellow fans as you like. It's also possible to completely ignore bands you hate - for bands you like, on the other

hand, it's pretty well mandatory to crush up against the stage. (There's nothing worse for a group playing at the Pump than to have the whole audience sitting down - since the seats are off to the sides it means there's no one to play to but the sound/lights people a few feet across from the stage.) Drinks aren't as cheap as, say, on campus, but this is not 86 Street. Also, the staff generally seems to be having a good time too. Basically, what I like about the Town Pump is that, while on a pretty large scale, it's also fairly laid back. Also, this year the Shindig finals and semi-finals will be at the Pump.

The Railway Club (579 Dunsmuir), especially since the demise of the Savoy, is the small club in Vancouver. Not only can you have a nice lunch with a pint here if you're downtown in the day, but it's generally worth heading down just about any evening you're looking for something to do. In fact there is a pretty substantial crowd of regulars, who mostly hang out in the back where you can hardly hear the band at all - if you've actually come to see someone play it's a good idea to show up early to grab a seat up front. Sometimes it gets quite crowded but - something about the atmosphere, I guess - everybody always seems to be in a good mood and (wow!) I've even had chairs offered to me. There's also the train on the ceiling to watch when things are slow but that's usually only very early in the evenings. The other cool thing about the Rail (if you're this sort of person) is being able to say, years later, things like, "Oh yeah, I saw Los Lobos at the Railway Club," to the person next to you for the U2 show at BC Place. Since there isn't any stage to speak of (not elevated, anyway), seeing a band here has a lot of the aspects of a party in someone's basement, except the sound is way better. Intimate. And the staff is the grooviest. No wonder Shindig's at the Railway this year.

I first heard of the **Waterfront** (686 Powell) when the album of that name came out, featuring people like the Debutantes, but I'm embarrassed to say that I've only been there once, just last March. If you've heard anything about this place, it's probably true - the staff can be scary, there's only one kind of draft and the sound is iffy. This all sounds pretty negative but the truth is that since the Arts Club's old weekend extravaganzas came to an end, the Waterfront is possibly the only place for younger bands, especially noisier ones, to actually play. Watch for free tickets for these shows too.

The Archimedes Club (157 Alexander) is a bit of a mystery to me, since I've never actually been inside it. It sounds like a good idea - a very small club where bands more or less book themselves gigs, rent PAs, and then collect at the door, where beer is cheap, etc etc. But then there are obvious disadvantages for the bands too (especially the potential for losing money, something musicians don't usually have to worry about when they're playing clubs). The one time I actually tried to go to the Archimedes Club, my sister and I pressed our noses against the window and rang the doorbell but to no avail. We could see some (older) people inside with beer,

but I guess nothing was happening. The moral, of course, is not to go to this particular club unless you're sure of what's going on.

The Arts Club (1181 Seymour) was, at one time, the place everyone went on Friday and Saturday nights almost without thinking, at least when there wasn't some big high-profile gig happening. The cover charge was really low, the always popular Garnet was at the door, and the atmosphere was as informal as a club could get. No waiters/waitresses, no stage, not even much of a sound system in the beginning. A supporting post was always blocking your view of your favourite musician, but on the other hand there wasn't much chance of having to stand in a drink line up with those beer-commercial types. The Arts Club was the most accurate simulation of the Mum-and-Dad-are-away-so-let's-have-a-band-in-the-basement party, and from time to time still is. Rumour has it that bands will be continuing to play here some Sundays, so keep your ears open.

Unfortunately I don't know much about the **Straylight Cafe** (2629 Arbutus), which is located awfully close to a workout place, except that **4 Wheel Drive** and **No Fun** have both played there recently, and that it's very small.

The Luv-A-Fair (1275 Seymour) and **Graceland** (1250 Richards, in the alley), both dance clubs, also have live bands from time to time. I've seen artists like John Cale, the Subhumans (for a reunion) and the Mr. T. Experience, besides a couple of garage-psychadelic bands and lots more that I can't remember, at the Luv-A-Fair, but most people still go there for dancing ("classic" nights or otherwise). Graceland, being kind of a big, loud, ominous space, has lent itself well to bands like the Butthole Surfers and Redd Kross, but also puts on various poetry/dance/experimental (and so on) shows.

Surprisingly enough, the **Landmark Jazz Bar** (1400 Robson), always a nice leisurely place to drop in for a drink but never, I used to think, all that adventurous, recently had Bob's Your Uncle playing there. So maybe it's worth a look too?

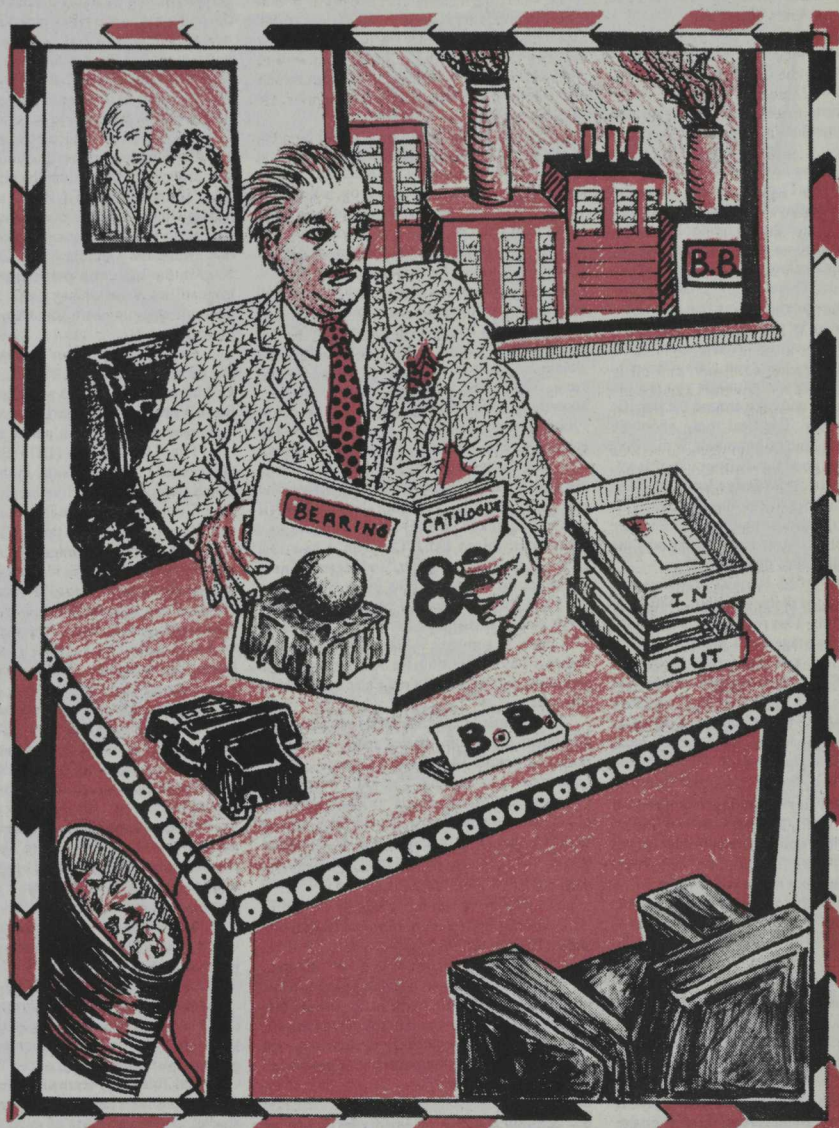
As for all-ages venues, there isn't an awful lot. The **New York Theatre** (639 Commercial) puts on quite a few of the bigger shows, and has a great deal of atmosphere (it's haunted, you know); the **Paramount** has been doing the same with local bands on a pretty regular basis, but is way out in New Westminster (652 Columbia, just don't miss the last Skytrain home); and then there's the occasional hall gig.

In a different class altogether are **La Quena** (1111 Commercial, a cooperatively run cafe), where you can catch stuff like folk music or poetry and also eat good, cheap food, and the **Classical Joint** (231 Carroll), which, in spite of the name, is not really the place to see a string quartet, but has all sorts of musicians perform there.

Well, that's it. Things will always change; clubs will close and clubs will open. However, there are a lot of original Vancouver bands, and there actually are places to see them play. No kidding.

Janis McKenzie

The Right Direction



On his twenty-sixth birthday Freddy inherited a ball-bearing company from his father. Ball-bearings are not everybody's idea of a good time. Sometimes he wished that it was rare gems, or a law firm, or a

motion picture production house. Occasionally he wished that circumstance had forced him to invent his own method of survival. Still, it was something. President of a profit making company at the age of twenty-six.

It is said that when one parent dies the other

will die soon after. In Freddy's experience this was true. Within a week of his father's funeral, fluid began to collect in his mother's lungs. She died in Freddy's arms ten months later, mumbling the word "cigarette" moments before she expired. It was a mysterious last comment given

that nobody in the family smoked.

Parentless at the age of twenty-six. That wasn't such a bad thing. Once you got over the sense of aloneness, there was a certain pleasure in it. It raised the possibility of fresh dialogue, new characters and new directions.

Freddy had one sister. She lived up north, married to an oil executive. She came down for both funerals, but she didn't linger. That was okay by Freddy. There was something decidedly unsisterly about her. She was business-like. Too business-like. Whatever closeness they shared as children had dissipated in the circus of their adulthood. At his mother's funeral, Freddy's sister chewed on a large wad of bubble-gum. Even to Freddy, who was by no means a slave to the mannerisms of middle-class society, it seemed jarringly inappropriate. When he hugged her in front of the casket it was like hugging the trunk of a tree.

Freddy and his sister sat down with a lawyer and read the will. It was deliciously simple. The house, and all its contents, went to Freddy's sister. The ball-bearing company, and all its assets, went to Freddy. A few stocks and bonds, valued under ten thousand dollars, went to Freddy's alcoholic uncle.

Freddy's sister hired an agent to sell the house. She flew back up north to her husband and her two kids. The last thing she said to Freddy was, "I feel there's a part of me missing when I'm not around my kids."

Freddy went back to his ball-bearing company. He entertained thoughts of restructuring the company. It was that particular phrase that he played with in his mind. Restructuring the company. There was a bold ring about it. And it seemed the kind of thing a young person might want to do with his father's company. But what the hell did Freddy know about restructuring a company? You had to have specific ideas to pull off something like that. All Freddy knew was that he felt like restructuring his father's company.

One day a catalogue arrived on Freddy's desk. It was an imposing object, about eight inches thick, thicker than the phone book. On the cover there was a magnified glossy photograph of a single ball-bearing lying on a piece of black felt. A series of colored index tabs climbed the edge of the catalogue like steps. The catalogue was devoted entirely to ball-bearings, O-rings and seals. Freddy had never seen a catalogue like it. To give him credit, he recognised it immediately as a potentially dangerous object.

As Freddy flipped through the pages of the catalogue he tried to think of the most exotic, obscure item in his inventory. It was a harder exercise than you might expect. Like trying to remember the least sexy woman you had ever french-kissed. Who could recall such a thing? It took him several minutes to dream up something suitably unlikely. When he'd got it, he felt proud of his choice. You had to know the business, you had to really know ball-bearings to come up with something like this. He chose the rear crankcase

seal on a propane-powered 12 Volt generator. Propane powered. They don't make those anymore. Hadn't sold one of those for ten years.

Using the system of colored index tabs he found where the item should have been. Within ninety seconds he had the chewed nail of his index finger poised under the order number of the item. He called the toll free number and ordered one. It arrived on his desk 48 hours later with a bill for less than his wholesale price. He knew then that he was finished.

The company went down in six months. Ironically, he sold his inventory to the catalogue company which destroyed him. He dismissed his employees in spasms, two or three at a time. The secretary was the last to go. It was fitting. She'd been there from the start. An old woman. Possibly the oldest secretary in the world. He took her out for a seafood buffet lunch.

He said, "What are you going to do now?"

She told him that she owned a piece of mining company which she would sell, before retiring in Arizona where her twin sister resided.

He pulled from his breast pocket a wrapped gift the size of a paperback book.

She said, "Oh no, you shouldn't have."

Freddy said, "You've worked with my family for thirty years, and my father would have wanted this."

She took the package and set it in front of her, aligning the edge of it with the end of the table. She was picking at it, trying to remove the tape without ripping the paper. She folded the wrapping paper into squares, folded it until it was down to the size of a matchbox.

"Think of it as from my father, as well as from me," said Freddy.

"My God!" said Freddy's secretary. "Pearls!"

"They're real," said Freddy.

She took the pearls from the box and lifted them upward, working the clasp behind her neck. She was wearing a short sleeved dress and Freddy couldn't help but notice that her armpits were unshaven. There were a few tufts of grey hair under each arm. He was a little taken aback, but he could see the logic in it. Why should an elderly woman bother to shave her armpits? She was fingering the pearls, and blushing, clearly delighted with them. He was happy about that. It made him like her more. Suddenly he didn't mind that she had more money than he did, that she had a plan for her life.

"That's no skin off my nose," thought Freddy, and the phrase became lodged in his mind so that after a trip to the bank, and the bar, and a steamroom, he was still saying to himself, "That's no skin off my nose," and his brow was knotted heavily as if he were in the process of turning a mental corner.

That night as Freddy lay in bed, he took stock of his situation. His father had been dead less than a year and he had already lost the company. A company that his father had run profitably for over thirty years. The company was gone. There was no doubt about that. But one important question remained: whose

fault was it? He lay thinking about that for a long time, and the more he thought about it, the less clear it was. It would take an imaginative man, possibly a brilliant man, to withstand the competition from the catalogue company. He didn't think of his father as being particularly imaginative or brilliant—or funny, or generous, when you came to think of it. What was he really? A simple man who founded and nurtured a ball-bearing company. And what did that make Freddy? The son of a simple man who founded and nurtured a ball-bearing company.

Freddy began to see the thing in analogous terms. It was as if his father had handed him the reins of a horse and said, "Here, ride this, it's a dependable horse, I've been riding it every day for thirty years," and a few moments later the horse keels over and dies.

This struck Freddy as rather amusing. He giggled softly into his pillow. A dependable horse. A one-cowboy horse. There was humour there alright. You just had to get the right angle. There was humour in any tragedy if you could just find the right angle.

The next morning he was awoken by the ringing of the telephone. It was his sister. The one married to the oil executive.

"What have you done with Dad's company?" said Freddy's sister, her voice tinged with hysteria.

"I lost it," said Freddy.

"You sold it," said Freddy's sister.

"I didn't exactly sell it," said Freddy.

"You did what then?" said Freddy's sister.

"I lost it," said Freddy. He was about to tell her that the catalogue company had completely penetrated his territory in less than six months. That they were dealing with a marketplace of perhaps a billion people, and he was working on a few hundred thousand. It was impossible to compete. His father couldn't have competed.

Freddy drew in his breath to begin the explanation, but when he released it, no words came with it. There was no use trying to explain anything to his sister. She didn't listen. That was part of her trouble. She had never been able to listen. When you talked to her, when you tried to explain something to her, you just made yourself bigger and clumsier, easier to hit. And she would let you talk, watching you, arranging her ammunition.

"Hello?" said Freddy's sister.

Freddy covered the mouthpiece with the palm of his hand.

"Are you there?" said Freddy's sister.

Freddy listened to the crackle of line. He could hear his sister fumbling on the other end. He heard his brother-in-law asking, "Did you get through to him?"

"The little fucker hung up on me," said Freddy's sister, slamming the receiver into its cradle.

"The little fucker hung up on me," said Freddy, confidentially, to his refrigerator.

This is how Freddy was pushed out from the shadow of his father into the free world. And that was his only regret. The push. It is never nice to be pushed, even in the right direction.

Guy Bennett

1+1=1

YOU PLUS 1 FRIEND PAY

1 ADMISSION
With this Coupon

Good Thru Oct.
Valid Wed & Thurs Only

VANCOUVER
THEATRESPORTS
LEAGUE



THE BACK ALLEY THEATRE
751 Thurlow Street Res. 688-7013

MICHAEL THOMPSON
BOOKSELLER



Specialising in rare, old & out-of-print science fiction, fantasy, horror & detective fiction. Fine books bought and sold.

434 West Pender Street
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada V6B 1T3
682-6885

**Feel! An Irresistible Urge
To Dance!**



The Paramount



**"The Late Nite
Soda Bar!"**

The Paramount 652 Columbia St. New West - 526-8675
Dance Music Fridays & Saturdays
8 P.M. To 5 A.M. - 17 & Older Only!

Oct. 1st. **"From Seattle" SWALLOW**
Oct. 9th. **BIG ELECTRIC CAT**

CINEMA - 16

October 5

- Oshima's The Ceremony

October 12

Godard Double Bill

- Masculin Féminin
- La Chinoise

October 19

- Robert Bresson's Le Journal d'un Cure de Campagne

October 26

- Carné's Le Jour Se Lève

Wednesday Nights at 7:00 and 9:30

\$2.50 single admission

\$3.50 for double bills

(\$2.00 annual membership required)

Student Union Building
Theatre U.B.C.
24 Hour Info 228-3697

Family Affair

The Kinsey Report: It's A Family Affair
(Town Pump, Saturday, September 3)

"My mama told me about a little dog
couldn't see so well
he went cross the railroad tracks
train cut off his tail
he raised his head
he peep over the rail
he lost his whole durn head
tryin' to find a piece of tail"

("Drowning on Dry Land"
Jones/Gregory)

If you want to talk roots, talk to Lester "Big Daddy" Kinsey. Although he and the three sons who make up the greater part of the Kinsey Report call Gary, Indiana home, Kinsey Sr. makes no bones about where it all came from. "I was born in a little old place called Pleasant Grove, Mississippi in Panola County," he rumbles, leaning forward in the dressing room of the Town Pump. "It was more or less the county seat. High school was there, maybe two or three grocery stores, little small post office, filling station, and that's it. My dad's a Pentecostal minister and everything that I know about music I learned in his church." The message is clear: at the foundation of this blues-rock aggregation, and, by implication, at the foundation of hundreds more like it all over the continent, lays America's most neglected music - Gospel.

Lead guitarist Donald Kinsey, seated beside his father, is in complete agreement. "From the time of elementary school all the way up to high school, it was rehearsal after school on weekdays. We'd gig Friday night, Saturday night, and then I would wake up Sunday morning and do a gospel broadcast. Live radio. Then I would leave the broadcast and go to my grandfather's church and play. I was playing behind different gospel groups in Gary." Soft-spoken and easy-going, Donald Kinsey the man seems a fair example of the life philosophy he endorses - a healthy mix of the spiritual and the secular.

Onstage, however, Donald Kinsey's approach is a little different. The Kinsey Report hits loud and hard. The first half of the set belongs to the younger generation, and they seem more influenced by white heavy metal and the loping beat of reggae than by church fervor. This is to be expected. In the mid-70's, Donald actually led a metal band called White Lightnin', cut a record for Island, and through those channels eventually linked up with Peter Tosh and Bob Marley; musical experiences which helped shape the present Kinsey sound. Front-man Donald, whose vocals are a blend of both blues and rock stylings, trades searing, high-register guitar lines with long-time friend Ron Prince, while older brother Ralph is a power drummer par excellence. Kenneth Kinsey, the youngest brother, completes the picture with clean bass playing which stitches the four extremely tight as a unit. The music is certainly a step or two removed from the blues, and for purists this may be a disappointment. In the music business, though, the name of the game is survival, and if the musical amalgam favored by this band works, then why not? The packed house at the Town Pump is quick enough to roar its approval.

Before things threaten to become altogether too modern, however, the harmonica player, Lester "Mad Dog" Davenport, and then Big Daddy himself arrive onstage. The two older men seem to provide an anchor which benefits the rest of the band, their presence bringing into sharp focus the long and rich history of black music in America. The sound changes a little, falling somewhere between the electric blues Lester Kinsey has been playing all his life and the hybrid of earlier in the evening. But towards the end of the night, when Big Daddy growls out the opening bars to "Mannish Boy", there can be no mistaking his intent. These are the true blues of the flat, black Delta Land - the Mississippi Delta which may be thousands of miles distant geographically, but which for a few minutes seems right there in the palm of his hand. This is understandable enough given the memories of someone such as Lester Kinsey.

"It just so happened where I was born and raised wasn't too very far from where Muddy Waters, McKinley Morganfield, came from. I



Photo: Mandel Ngan

met Mud at an early age and when I first heard him, well then, that's when I got turned on to the blues bug, you know. I loved that slide. I never heard anyone play guitar with a bottle neck, you know, and that just did something to me. My dad called it devil music, but he liked it." Before Big Daddy makes his final exit of the night, he props himself against a stool, electric guitar over one knee, and teases the audience with a little of that slide - only a little - in the same fashion old man Muddy used to do in his waning years.

All of this is not meant to disparage what Donald Kinsey and the younger generation of black bluesmen are achieving. Any form of music, any art, will die if it is kept under glass, resistant to change. And by assimilating aspects of metal into his sound, Donald Kinsey is only reclaiming from white musicians what they in turn borrowed from people like Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf and hundreds of other lesser known Delta and Chicago bluesmen such as Lester Kinsey. If Donald admired Cream, Led Zeppelin, or Mountain, he was indirectly admiring people like Eric Clapton's mentor Freddie King and Zeppelin's originally uncredited sources Willie Dixon, Howling Wolf, and Albert King. (No news to Donald, since he was a member of Albert King's band for some time.) The history of the development of indigenous American music involves countless permuta-

tions, circles within circles, yet it could have been a history without hard feelings if, for one, the proper royalties had been forthcoming (Dixon's case, a mere drop in the bucket as these things go, was fought successfully in court) and if, for another, the white-controlled record industry and popular media had ever given, or ever were to give, black music its due. Instead, they try constantly to water it down into the pablum known as 'crossover', a small advance, one supposes, from the days when 'race records' were sold from under the counter as if they were some kind of obscene pornography.

On a less ferocious note - since speaking with the congenial Kinseys is anything but ferocious - lies the connection, sometimes tenuous, between Afro-American and Afro-Caribbean music. Simply put, the bridge between blues and reggae which someone like Donald Kinsey has managed to forge. His works express it best.

"As far as the feel, there wasn't that much difference from my input. You go down there and you see where they guys root it out from, you know, the lifestyle and just everything they have to go through and you listen to what they're singing about and the feeling is there." Jamaicans Peter Tosh and Bob Marley certainly must have been convinced by American Donald Kinsey's sincerity. He appeared on albums and tours with both reggae

superstars during their curtailed lives, and by way of tribute a powerhouse reggae version of "Johnny B. Goode" still features prominently in the live Kinsey show.

"Mannish Boy", "Johnny B. Goode", and "Drowning on Dry Land", the song Donald Kinsey sung most convincingly to close the first set at the Pump, are all anthems of a music with more than its share of hardship and tragedy. As the title of the latest Kinsey Report album suggests, life at the "Edge of the City" can be rough at the best of times.

Muddy Waters is gone, as are Tosh and Marley, and only a short time ago, the man who Donald played with on two recent Alligator releases, Roy Buchanan. Drugs and alcohol can swamp artists who really only want to play music for people rather than contend with the hard-nosed business ethic of the industry. If mixing rock and reggae with their blues can keep the Kinseys afloat then by all means they are moving in the right direction. And the nice thing about roots, if they are deep roots like those of Donald Kinsey and company, is that they can always be rediscovered. It was Lester "Big Daddy" Kinsey who said, "We plan on doing a family gospel album before it's all over." My bet is that they will, and that they'll have a hell of a good time doing it.

Lachlan Murray
The Blues and Soul Show
Sundays 3:00-6:00pm



Best Blues in the City

Luther Tucker 3 — 5

Jim Byrnes 20 — 22

Halloween Party 31

THE BEST IN LIVE R&B EACH NIGHT

FROM 9:30 PM - 1:30 AM

OPEN WEEKDAYS FROM 11:30 AM

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
DOV'T MISS THE BLUES JAM	OLIVER & THE ELEMENTS					DOC FINGERS 1
SAT. 4-8 PM	OLIVER & THE ELEMENTS	LUTHER TUCKER 3 — 5		THE TOASTERS 6 — 8		
SUN. 7-12 PM	DAVID RAVEN 17 — 19		INCognito 11 — 15	JIM BYRNES 20 — 22		
WITH JACK LAVIN AND THE DEMONS	OLIVER & THE ELEMENTS	WAILIN' DEMONS With MARK Du FRESNE 25 — 29				

JACK LAVIN'S JAM SESSIONS:

SATURDAY 3-8 pm
SUNDAY 7-12 pm



CLUB SODA

1055 HOMER • 681-8202

Sun. October 2
ROOTS ROUND UP
w/ Paula

Sun. October 9
DOA
w/ SUFFER MACHINE

Sun. October 16
GOVERNMENT ISSUE
w/ DESPERATE MINDS

Mon. October 17
KING DIAMOND
w/ FLOTSAM & JETSAM

Sun. October 23
PUSSY GALORE
w/ TAD

Sun. October 30
FRIGHTWIG
w/ guests

TAFS CAFE

TAFS CAFE

Before and After the Movies!
free cappuccino
- with any dessert!



Tafs now has an
upstairs gallery
available free for your
private parties.



All Natural Shakes
made with fresh fruit.



TAFS CAFE

CAFE

TAFS CAFE

This months art by
Kevin Ade
Opening Oct. 5th.

829 Granville Street,
Telephone: (604) 684-8900
(ACROSS FROM CAPITOL 6 CINEMAS)

TAFS CAFE

Esther Bejarano: A Survivor

Forty years have passed since the United Nations' General Assembly adopted the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. With charges of basic freedom infractions in Afghanistan, Israel, Chile, Iran, and even the very streets on which you're reading this, the question must be posed: are we any closer to fully realizing the standards set forth for all people of all nations by the 1948 declaration? If the answer is yes, there would be no need for musician-spokespersons like Esther Bejarano to warn us of the perils of fascism and similar anti-freedom, anti-human ideologies.

"I was living in Israel for fifteen years. It was the climate I couldn't stand, but it was also the political climate and so I went back to Germany. There are many people who ask me how I can live in Germany. I tell them that it would be impossible if I did not know that there were also German people fighting against the Nazis. I got in touch with these people and it is only because of this that I am able to live there. When I came to Germany and saw the cops...the police...I was embarrassed. It was terrible for me. When I entered West Germany and saw the people walking on the streets, I would always look at the older people and I said, 'I can't trust these people. Maybe one of them killed my parents or they killed my sister and all my relatives.' It took me a long time until I felt secure. With my songs and affiliation with the International Auschwitz Committee, I am able to fight against these Nazis who are in Germany. I feel good. I feel good again. But it's only because I have friends who are helping me...also, young people...many young people."

Bejarano is a survivor in the strictest sense of the term - i.e. she "survived" the genocidal efforts of the SS death machine - but she is also a survivor because she has broken away from many years of reticence following World War II and her experiences in the Auschwitz Girls'

Orchestra (Bejarano's musical talents saved her from the gas chambers). She has overcome her earlier reticence about discussing the past and has become a very active lecturer, organizer, and performer in Holland, Switzerland, and her native West Germany.

"It took me a long, long time until I could talk about the concentration camp and what happened to me. I couldn't talk about it until 1978 when I was confronted with neo-Nazis. I had a little boutique and they had an information table for their junk and I was so angry. I told

Then came the police, and they were telling me that I should go away! They were standing before the Nazis, hiding them...defending them.

them that they should go away...that we don't need them anymore and that we don't want any Nazis in Germany and so on. Then came the police, and they were telling me that I should go away! They were standing before the Nazis, hiding them...defending them. This was something I could not understand. It was at this time that I decided to go to the schools. I have to teach the children. I have to tell them about my life...about other people who suffered at this time."

Up against a revitalized fascist, largely anti-Semitic, front that seems to have taken shape in some form or other in every corner of the globe, Bejarano is counting heavily on the youth of Germany to continue combatting this attitude of destruction when she and those of her generation are no longer physically able to do so.

"As long as these people exist, our struggle will never be over. We always have to fight. I don't know why I should go into schools, telling the stories every day when I'm reminded of all the suffering that I have gone through. This is so terrible, but still we have to do it. Nobody else will. However, the anti-fascist movement is continuing to grow exponentially. We started very small, but we are growing and growing. I'm very optimistic, especially for the youth...there are many people who don't want to know, that's something else, but there are very many young German people who would like to know what happened during this time in their history...because they aren't taught anything. The parents didn't tell the children. The grandparents didn't tell anything. It's the third generation already, sometimes the fourth. If you don't tell them, they will never know."

Offered as symbols of hope are the other members of Bejarano's Siebenschon quartet - cellist Cornelia Gottberg, and acoustic guitarists Holger Marsen and Martin Jacobsen. All three being active members of the International Auschwitz Committee - "an organization of former survivors and resistance fighters" that has opened up in recent years to include all anti-fascists. "We have many young people in our organization and I hope that these people, when we are not alive anymore, will continue what we began. This is our big hope."

Along with the 40th anniversary of the UN Declaration of Human Rights, 1988 also marks fifty years since the Kristallnacht: the SS-launched pogrom against the Jews of Germany, leading to their total expropriation and the complete removal of their freedom. On November 9, Bejarano and Siebenschon, other members of the Auschwitz Committee, former prisoners, and the citizens of Hamburg will gather to commemorate the event.

**Lloyd Uliana
Soup Stock From the Bones of the
Elephant Man
Fridays 12:30-5:00am**

~~~~~  
Readers requiring further information on the IAC are invited to write:

Martin Jacobsen  
Siebenschon #22  
2000 HAMBURG 54  
WEST GERMANY

~~~~~  
Check import bins for Bejarano's Birds Are Dreaming in the Trees LP.
~~~~~



# SHINDig

EVERY MONDAY

CiTR

101.9 FM

PRIZES:

- 1st: 24 Hrs. Recording Time @  
Mushroom Recording Studios  
24 Hrs. Recording Time @  
Fluid Sound Studios  
2nd: 24 Hrs. Recording Time @  
Profile Studios  
3rd: 24 Hrs. Recording Time @  
Bullfrog Recording Studios

**MUSHROOM**  
STUDIOS

Fluid Sound  
Studios &  
Production  
Company

*Profile Studio*



**YUZ 'DIG IT  
AT THE**



SHARPLES  
88

Every Monday in October, Folks!  
Except Hallowe'en.

# UNDER

## REVIEW

### STICKDOG

Human  
(Alternative Tentacles)

Stickdog do not make pleasant music. In fact, listening to this Iowa band's second album, *Human*, can be a depressing experience. Their sound is a unique, grinding blend of discordant guitar, odd time signatures, borderline psychotic vocals, and a sporadic wall of percussion, all played over a slightly quicker than plodding tempo. Dark, dirgy, and incredibly intense, Stickdog's *Human* is a loud, aggressive record that carries with it a guaranteed impact.

Keith Parry  
Environmental Scatology  
Mondays 12:30-4:00am

COLIN JAMES  
Colin James  
(Virgin Records)

I saw Colin James live for the only time about two and a half years ago in Victoria. His show consisted entirely of inspired interpretations of semi-obscure blues standards. James' awesome talent and advanced mastery of the guitar and blues form were evident. Unfortunately, James' talent does not yet extend into songwriting. His self-titled major label debut contains several of James' original songs, and, to be blunt, they stink; insipidly obnoxious pop-boogie fluff. There are a couple of passable covers on the record, but that's all they are, covers. Covers that are really state compared to James' live versions. Overall, this is a money-motivated commercial package with a pretty face on the cover. Disposable.

Keith Parry

THE LIME SPIDERS  
Volatile  
(Virgin)

As the title implies, from the intro riff of the lead-off track to the "Test Pattern" closing tone, this album is very explosive. The Lime Spiders' last album, *The Cave Comes Alive*, delved into psychedelia but here they get down to what they do best; the strengths are obvious in the no holds barred way they rock out.

By no means is this groundbreaking stuff but the Lime Spiders know what they like and have no reluctance embracing it. With drummer Richard Lawson's excellent meter, guitarist Gerard Corben's power chording, and Mick Blood's raspy vocals the group has pulled off one of this year's truly fine R'n'R LP's.

Greg Garlick  
Better Hohn's and Garlick's  
Thursdays 10:00am-1:00pm

DAYGLO ABORTIONS  
Here To-day, Guano Tomorrow  
(Fringe)

"Music to throw up by" is how a friend used to describe Bauhaus, but personally I've always thought the term applied better to the Dayglo's. With this album, however, the focus seems to have switched from projectile barfing to a tiring and ineffectual retching. Not that this is a parameter of credibility or

anything, but I can't quite see legions of skatepunks bashing their heads to this as they might have done to earlier Dayglos.

Side one especially disappoints. The grand scatological promise of *Fuck My Shit Stinks* is lost in a wallow of moribund heavy metal posturing. *Fuck Satan to Death* begins with a beautiful premise - a born again Christian's viewpoint - but falls victim to yet more masturbatory guitar solos. Heck, are these the same guys who gave us that supreme indictment of this guitar hero shit in *Black Sabbath*? (Well, not really. The only survivors of those glorious days are the Crétin and Jesus Bonehead. It shows.) And when they chant "Hide the, hide the hamsters" it sounds more like HYKA, HYKADEHWUIHA to me.

An insane, totally Crispin Glover chorus "Like where's the bowl DUUUUUDE?!" somewhat redeems *Shred Central*, a litany of the joys of raising hell via skateboard. Okay, so maybe I was wrong about those skate punks. Here on side two we're not subject to the dearth of lyrics of side one. On *Drugged and Driving*, the Crétin delivers deadpan vocals exploring a popular topic, and the title track, *Here To-day, Guano Tomorrow*, details some of the more convoluted excesses of TV evangelists. I was even rendered pensive by the statement "The world is full of humanitarians killing each other for a piece of the human pie." Cannibalism anyone? Still, the LP fails to approach the heights of past Daygloian eloquence with, perhaps, the exception of the "barbed-wire catheter" wielded in the closing track *Kill Johnny Shift*.

So yeah, let's sing about subjecting hamsters to a myriad of atrocities; it's sure to freak the hell out of all those 7 year old girls who venture into their local record shop and alight upon this album. The rest of us will just long for the lost art of projectile barfing, Dayglo style.

Viola Funk  
Neophyte Discorder Writer

SHRIEKBACK  
Go Bang!  
(Island Records)

There were three ominous indications that the new Shriekback album would be something different. First of all, the album title *Go Bang!* raised a flicker of a worry in my addled head. This title is a bit of fluff in comparison to *Oil and Gold* and *Big Night Music*. Secondly, there was the cover artwork. Instead of something intellectually stimulating like the eels slithering over feathers image of *Oil and Gold* we have a simply gorgeous picture of Barry Andrews and co. in various mid-air poses with expressions of EXTREME joy upon their radiant faces. "Could this be a dance album perhaps?" I mused. The third telling sign was the way the record store cashier gave me a wry smile when I mentioned how much I was looking forward to listening to my new album. Little did I suspect what was to come.

Under the cellophane was barely a remnant of the Shriekback I once knew. Instead of the cerebral slippery rhythms that had gripped my consciousness when I first heard songs like *The Only Thing That Shines* and *Nemesis*, I was assaulted with a blaring horn section on the opening track, *Intoxication*.

Danceable, yes, but also downright obnoxious. As I slogged through the rest of the album, I found little of the old Shriekback to make my life happy again. However, I did enjoy listening to *Big Fun* even though it sounds less like Shriekback than any other track. (I suppose that means no Shriekback is preferable to bad Shriekback.) *Dust* and *Shadow* comes across as a blatant ripoff of *This Big Hush*. But why ripoff your own song? And as for the first single, *Get Down Tonight*, sure it's better than the K.C. and the Sunshine Band original but so what? And yes, it is probably done in jest, but to satisfy whom? The world was not exactly begging for a remake. In short, I am a troubled man. Please Barry Andrews, please give me a call and help me understand. WHY?

Michael Leduc  
Neophyte Discorder Writer

NURSE WITH WOUND

Faith's Favourites  
(YangkiUK)

Alas the Madonna Does Not Function  
(United Dairies UK)

Soliloquy for Lilith  
(Idle Hole UK)

In many ways *Nurse With Wound* and *Current 93* represent two sides of the same coin. While the sides themselves change from time to time, the coin itself remains priceless. In the past, NWW has been variously rude, hilarious, irreverent and often irritating while *Current 93* concentrated on being morbid, depressing and occasionally terrifying. How either group has managed to do this and still be stunningly original and often beautiful is, of course, due to the genius of their creators (NWW - Stephen Stapleton; *The Current* - David Tibet). So too the reason for their prodigious output of late. The two newest offerings also illustrate well the advantages to be had from sharing one's artistry. Stapleton and Tibet have worked together for years and it shows. *Faith's Favourites* is a collection of material from previous projects. The *Nurse With Wound* side (*Swamp Rat*) is a reworking of material from the days of *Automating* (some of it by *Current 93*). The *Current 93* side (*Ballad of the Pale Queen*) was originally released on the collector's double LP *Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow*.

*Soliloquy for Lilith* is a triple LP boxed set originally billed as including Diana Rogerson, but her presence is not evident. It requires a fair bit of listening to appreciate, but the rewards are there for anyone prepared to find them. Initial impressions should not be trusted as there is a great deal happening here that isn't immediately audible. It's a marked departure from recent *Wounds*. So little happens in these six *Songs for Lilith* that the temporary stoppage of a semi buried tone becomes a major event. The pressing is quite powerful - so is the mood created - subtly different from side to side. Most worthwhile.

With *Alas the Madonna Does Not Function* we hear Tibet and Stapleton at their finest. Both sides of this mini LP are absolutely gripping. If you've always been afraid to buy a record by NWW, this release is a good opportunity to swallow hard and take the plunge. In the midst of all the electric mud around these days, this disc is like a splash of cold water. Not so the price - a bargain at twice (well, almost) the cost and another reason to BUY THIS RECORD. After many years of enjoying these two people, it's nice to again be really thrilled by what they are doing.

Larry Thlessen  
Playlout/This Is Not A Test  
Sundays 9:00pm-midnight



**VAN MORRISON AND THE CHIEFTAINS**  
**Irish Heartbeat**  
 (Polygram)

Boring. Van Morrison's new album is simply boring. It annoys the hell out of me.

Irish Heartbeat is trite. The Irish theme is rubbed in quite severely in a clichéd, unoriginal manner. Phrases such as "wee lass", names of Irish towns, Irish music, etc are everywhere. These could have been light, original touches if they weren't so frequent. *Star of the County Down* and *Marie's Wedding* are the only two traditional Irish songs which do not sound phony or irritating. The toe-tapping, barn-dance music and fluffy lyrics are unabashedly fun. Most of the other tunes, such as *Raglan Road* and *Ta Mo Chieamhna Deanta*, are typical come-hither-thou-fair-maiden pleas. The singing is hollow and passionless, as if the group is uncomfortable with the lyrics. However, *Irish Heartbeat*, the title song, is endearing sop. It's melancholy and preacherlike in tone, "Stay awhile with your own ones...For the world is so cold, don't care nothin' for your soul." But warmth and strength are heard, and *June Boyce* does a fine job on backup vocals - listen carefully.

With this album, Van Morrison and the Chieftains may be joining the hordes of faded/fading stars cashing in on this "everything-old-is-new-again" period. Most of the offerings from those folks are lame and overproduced - like this one. This band can do far better.

Jess  
 Discorder Writer

**VAMPIRES**



**THE CINEMATHEQUE**  
 DOUBLE BILL  
**6 SCARY FILMS**  
**3 SCARY NIGHTS**  
 WED 26 OCT  
 FRI 28 OCT  
 SAT 29 OCT  
 7:30  
 24HR MOVIE INFO 688-FILM  
 1131 HOWE ST

**Lies!**



**FALL BLOWOUT**

INVENTORY CLEARANCE  
 AND STOCK REDUCTION

**SAVE UP TO 75%**

ON PRE-OWNED RECORDS,  
 (Discount on some imports)  
 POSTERS, CALENDARS  
 AND ROCK MERCHANDISE

**COLLECTOR'S R.P.M.**  
 498 SEYMOUR ST.  
 685-8841



JU-JU OPEN 11:00 — 6:00 PHONE **688-2650**

*....First there was laughter  
he talked with his hands  
he showed me lands far  
and animals unknown  
he created my castles with  
purple moons and dragons  
he made love with warm  
tones and cool colours  
he said... Chase that dream...*

VAN AKEN MODELING CLAY AT  
frogsprit

IMAGINATION OUTFITTERS

- EDUCATIONAL IDEAS
- NEAT KITS
- RAW MATERIALS
- WIERD SUPPLIES
- STRANGE TOOLS
- KEEN STUFF

**988**

LONSDALE QUAY MARKET  
123 - CARRIE CATES COURT  
NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C. V7M 3K7

**4222**

## THE BEST MUSIC IN THE HOUSE!!

robert shea plays the music made by these:

SCRAPPY, GINO LATINO, SWAN LAKE, JAM MACHINE, BEAT PROFESSOR, CLICK, MR. CRAMBO, DEEPAK AND KHAN, THE BEAT PIRATE, A R KANE, COLDCUT, MORGAN KHAN, ORANGE LEMON, FOURPLAY, BANG THE PARTY, RICHIE RICH, D.S. BUILDING CONTRACTORS, ROCCO, YAZZ, THE FUNKY GINGER, ARMANDO, SHEIK FAWAZ, MODEL 500, RISQUE III, HOUSE ADDICTS, SILICON CHIP, LIZ TORRES, FARLEY JACKMASTER FUNK, MOONFOU, JOHN ROCCA, RALPH ROSARIO, THE HOUSE GANG, REESE & SANTONIO, ACID FINGERS, JACK FACTORY, THE BREAK BOYS, CUT TO SHOCK, JUNGLE WONZ, MARSHALL JEFFERSON, MR. LEE, FRESH, MIKE DUNN, WHITE KNIGHT, FINGERS INC., FX, PROFESSOR FUNK, DINOSAUR L, HOUSEMASTERS BALDWIN, PSYCHIC TV, MIKE "HITMAN" WILSON, ADONIS, PHUTURE, MASTERS AT WORK, JOE SMOOTH, ROCKY JONES, FAST EDDIE SMITH, DANCER, DALIS, TODD TERRY PROJECT, ROUGH CLUB, JACK E. MAKOSSA, JAMIE PRINCIPLE, TRIBAL HOUSE, BEATS WORKIN, T-COY, BROOKLYN FUNK ESSENTIALS, BAMBOO, ULYSSES, CULTURAL VIBE, SANTOS, BORIS BETANOFF, BAM BAM, STEVE "SILK" HURLEY, JACK FROST, TRASH FUNK AND HERCULES.

how can you survive on a dancefloor  
that rejects tranquility??!!??

GET DOWN EVERY  
THURSDAY NIGHT  
**GRACELAND**  
1250 RICHARDS 688-2648



**100's OF  
COMPACT**

**Discs**  
**\$10<sup>99</sup>** EA

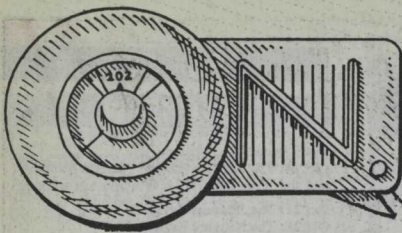
WITH THIS AD

**1000's OF  
TAPES**

**\$3<sup>77</sup>** EA

**TAPES To GO  
1176 DAVIE ST.**





# the dial

## CiTR

101.9 FM

oooooooooooooooooooo

"I tuned in once and didn't like what I heard," you say. You're just lazy. If you browse through some of the Program Samples described below, you'll find radio shows on CiTR that you like. Have you ever heard anyone say, when talking about a TV station, "I watched channel 12 once, something weird was on, so I never bothered with that channel ever again."? If you did, you'd think the person was slow. Now turn on your radio. Tune to 101.9 FM/Cable FM. Put a little effort into it. Stick it in your ear.

oooooooooooooooooooo

### SPECIAL BROADCAST CiTR WEEK

#### SUB LIVE!

Tues-Fri/Oct 11-14 10:00-3:00pm

Witness living, breathing radio monsters broadcast from somewhere on the SUB Concourse. Check out this program guide for the scary details.

### PROGRAM SAMPLES

#### MONDAYS

##### SOUP DE JOUR 11:00-1:00pm

Hallowe'en month is commemorated by horror, chills, and the supernatural. Sorcerer El Khavan hosts along with assistant cooks Andrew Jack and Lupus Yonderboy to stir the cauldron of evil broth. Listen in!

##### ALIEN WATCHDOG 1:00-3:00pm

Hey Space Cadets, October is a big 5 Monday month. Listen for an update on the Extra-terrestrial Invasion of Sept. 21, if we're still here. Tunes from here from now and then, and of course your requests.

##### THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3:00-5:00pm

Get down with Dale! The focus here is on new recordings from local bands. Other non-vinyl music released to CiTR from around the continent will be heard. Finally, explorations of the latest alternative record releases and prompt fulfillment of requests will round out the program.

##### THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00-12:30am

Oct 3: "The Terry Gibbs Dream Band". Noted poll-winning vibraphonist Terry Gibbs led a big band in the late fifties. He held onto the tapes for twenty-eight years and just recently allowed Contemporary Records to release them. We're glad he did as this is one of the best big bands in history.

Oct 10: "Let Freedom Ring" by alto saxophonist Jackie McLean marked a distinct departure in Jackie's musical search. The music of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane led McLean to some new discoveries. The results are on this record.

Oct 17: Alto saxophonist Frank Morgan returned to the jazz life a few years ago after spending over thirty years in jail for narcotics offenses. He is one of the true links to the early days of bebop (modern jazz). Here he is with the McCoy Tyner trio.

Oct 24: Miles Davis was at his expressive best in a pair of recordings done in concert at New York's Lincoln Center in 1964, with George Coleman (tenor sax), Herbie Hancock (piano), Ron Carter (bass), and Tony Williams (drums). Miles Davis has rarely sounded so disciplined and yet so free.

Oct 31: Little has to be said about the talents of Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong. Backed by the Oscar Peterson Trio, they breathe new life into these tried and true standards.

#### ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY

12:30-4:00am

Lately I've been thinking about pressed pigs and copper cowbells.

Oct 3: Snakefinger's "Greener Pastures"

Oct 10: Add color to your Thanksgiving, experience 64 odd minutes of Lou Reed's "Metal Machine Music"

Oct 17: Alternative Tentacles label—Nomeansno, Beatnigs, Stickdog, Tragic Mulatto, Jello Biafra, etc.

Oct 24: The Gun Club

Oct 31: Free candy radio with sperm toothpaste.

#### TUESDAYS

##### LINUS LOVELACE KINDER KREEAYSHUNS 7:30-10:00am

Wow! A youth oriented show! HAHAAH! CiTR's first children's show. Messy, cool, things 'n stuff... um, for sizes 4x to big!

## CONCEPT 2 *New Age Restaurant*

Healthy Food, Relaxed Stimulating Ambience

Great Variety of Tea, Coffee, and Wine

724, Nelson St. (near Granville)

222-4444

|       | MONDAY                                                           | TUESDAY             | WEDNESDAY               | THURSDAY                  | FRIDAY                     | SATURDAY                     | SUNDAY                                    |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 7:30  | CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER                                    |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 8:00  |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 9:00  |                                                                  | Linus Lovelace      | D.L.T.                  | The Spice of Life         |                            | The Saturday Edge            | Are you Surey Us Music?                   |
| 10:00 |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 11:00 |                                                                  | Pest Control        | Battersea Park Gardens  | Better Hohn's & Gerlick's |                            |                              |                                           |
| 12:00 | Soup de Jour                                                     |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 1:00  | BBC WORLD REPORT: CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 2:00  | Alien Watchdog                                                   | Blood On The Saddle | The PTL Show            | The Film Show             | EXPO 66                    | Power Chord                  | The Rockers Show                          |
| 3:00  |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           | Narduar                    |                              |                                           |
| 4:00  | The Unheard Music                                                | In Context          | The PTL Show (Cont)     | Mike n' Gav               | Absolute Value of Noise    | Neophile                     | The Blues and Soul Show                   |
| 5:00  | NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE |                     |                         |                           |                            | Deadly Doom                  |                                           |
| 6:00  | CrapShoot                                                        | Fine Lines          | BC Pods                 | Talk                      | The Radio Show             | Sat. Magazine                | Sun. Magazine                             |
| 7:00  | Hot Pink                                                         | Neon Meat Dream     | After The Goddess       | The Vinyl Frontier        | Interference               | We Be Botanists/ House Party | Just Like Women/ Electronic Smoke Signals |
| 8:00  | More Dinosaurs                                                   |                     | The African Show        | Top Of The Bops           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 9:00  |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 10:00 | The Jazz Show                                                    | Swirlin' Vinyl Spin | Permanent Culture Shock | The Can-Con Job           | Stomp On That Boppa-Tron   | Tunes 'R' Us                 | Playloud This Is Not A Test               |
| 11:00 |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 12:00 |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 1:00  |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              | In The Grip Of Incoherency                |
| 2:00  | Environmental Scatology                                          | Aural Tentacles     | The Knight After        |                           | Soup Stock From The Boones | Generic Friend               |                                           |
| 3:00  |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |
| 4:00  |                                                                  |                     |                         |                           |                            |                              |                                           |

## FRIDAYS

### EXPO '66 1:20-2:30pm

Live from the World's New Music Fair.

Oct 7: New Age Pavilion

Oct 14: The CITR Pavillion \*Program Samplers and the "Pick Up CITR & Win" contest winners

Oct 21: The Japanese Pavillion

Oct 28: The Naughty Pavillion

### NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 2:30-3:00pm

-I love you-

Oct 14: Join Narduar and Cleopatra Von Fluff-lestein this evening for a fun 5 band explosion in the SUB Ballroom.

### THE RADIO SHOW 5:30-6:00pm

The Vancouver Film Festival features fascinatingly in this month's line up, as do the thoughtful and thrilling thespians of the city's theatre scene.

### SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-5:00am

Yes folks, it's us. We've changed times and managed to trim 45% of the excess fat from this butt steak of a show. Rob headed off the study in Guelph, so Lloyd's at the controls now with four and a half hours of the latest in independent music from around the world. Live and taped interviews, as well as indie label features each week.

## SATURDAYS

### RADIO INFREQUENCY 6:30-9:00pm

Did you know ...they've removed the word "GUL-LIBLE" from the OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY?

## SUNDAYS

### ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 8:00-noon

"The modern musical style has never been able to conquer a large audience. Only small circles of specialists and intellectuals find it interesting. From a revolutionary point of view this modern style can be described as one which is progressive within capitalism. It does not simulate connections between people which no longer exist in bourgeois society; it does not awaken cosy feelings; it does not deliver harmonious connections; and it demands an ever-increasing level of education from the listener, that is, it posits ever-larger material conditions if he is to understand it. Thus it is truly capitalist; and thereby it is very timely indeed, for it mirrors the conclusion of capitalist conditions without glossing over them, though also without criticising them." —Hanns Eisler, 1935. Pretense; no apologies.

### SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00pm

Oct 9: "Werling in Exile": interviews, reviews, poetry and music on the experience of life and work in exile. Columbus Day commemoration.

Oct 23: UN Disarmament Week. Nuclear submarines, warships in B.C. harbours and Canadian complicity in the global nuclear traffic.

### PLAYLOUD 9:00-midnight

Too much emphasis is placed upon having fun. More time must be spent in the contemplation of not enjoying anything. Mankind deserves less while seeking more. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

### IN CONTEXT 3:00-4:00pm

Hosted by Kirby Hill.

Oct 4: An interview with Larry Lillo, Artistic Director for the Vancouver Playhouse's "Lie of the Mind"; news on Dance.

Oct 11: The design Aesthetic. A profile of the Design Vancouver conference, held Oct 21-30.

Oct 18: Vancouver Opera; an interview with David Walsh, director of Verdi's "Don Giovanni", the debut performance for the 88/89 season.

Oct 25: Music, dance; a preview of events for November.

### TRIBES & SHADOWS 4:00-5:00pm

Hosted by Kirby Scott Hill.

Oct 4: West Germany is a cultural leader in many avenues of the Arts. Throughout October we will be profiling artists, musicians (Avante-jazz and New Music) and other cultural types whose work is representative of Contemporary West Germany.

Oct 11: At last! Tippy-A-Gogo

Oct 18: More West German Art; and exploration of the landscape.

Oct 25: Joseph Danza, Vancouver-based shakuhachi player/new music composer.

### AURAL TENTACLES midnite til the moon plummets to the earth

This Tuesday, someone will step in dog shit, someone else will smell it, others will see it, feel it, taste it, smoke it while others will just listen to it. Please do

not attempt any of the above. Instead, tune in.

## WEDNESDAYS

### PAULA TAKES LIBERTIES SHOW 1:00-5:00pm

WARNING: This show may contain offensive language and/or behaviour. Occasional scenes contain a radio sex goddess. Parental guidance advised.

OCT. 5 AND 12: 4:30 - 5:00pm

Film Festival Frenzy. Join Film Prof. Joanne Yagumuchi in conversation with visiting directors here for the festival.

## THURSDAYS

### IT'S JUST TALK WITH RJ MOORHOUSE 5:30-6:00pm

UBC's only call-in radio show. CJOR got so scared when they heard of this show, they changed their entire format. Call 228-CITR/228-3017.

Oct 6: Christian University students—Who do they think they are?

Oct 13: Psychics & skeptics—Are these people for real?

Oct 20: Subliminal messages—Are they effective? Oct 27: Multi-purpose referendum—Necessary expenditure or waste of our money?



## NEWS HIGHLIGHTS

### WEEKDAYS

**THE CITR MORNING NEWS 8:00-8:20am**  
A "Cut the Crap" style wake-up report. All the trimmings, as well as a FEATURE REPORT and UBC Digest.

**THE CITR AFTERNOON TEA 1:00-1:20pm**  
Live from London, England, the BBC World Service. Local news, sports and weather served promptly after. Crumpets are extra.

**THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30pm**  
Our in-depth half hour report, with a FEATURE REPORT focusing on UBC and the Lower Mainland.

**FEATURE REPORTS 8:00am & 5:00pm**

#### MONDAY

Oct 3: Recycling: Is it a "waste" of time?  
Oct 17: Why UBC's Agriculture program is losing students  
Oct 24: UBC's gas gun: another first in Canada

#### TUESDAY

On Tuesdays, find out what the rest of Canada is doing. Our reports come to us from other campus stations across the country.

#### WEDNESDAY

Oct 5: The proposed PCB incinerator in Ashcroft/Cache Creek: the dangers of this method in dealing with toxic waste.  
Oct 12: Chemicals used in fish-farming: the risk to humans  
Oct 19: A new keychain breathalyzer: is it what it's cracked up to be?  
Oct 26: A preview to the Computer and Communications Show

#### THURSDAY

Oct 6: Mars: it's closer than ever, and UBC's watching  
Oct 13: A follow-up report on fuel costs: UBC research that is saving fishermen millions  
Oct 20: The Royal Hudson  
Oct 27: What time is it, and where is it what time? A report on Daylight Savings Time and other human quirks

#### FRIDAY

On Fridays, it's the STORY OF THE WEEK. Tune in. Sometimes we even amaze ourselves.

## SPORTS BROADCASTS

#### THUNDERBIRD FOOTBALL - SATURDAYS

Oct 1: Saskatchewan at UBC, 7:30pm  
Oct 15: UBC at Alberta, noon  
Oct 22: Manitoba at UBC, 7:30pm  
Oct 29: Calgary at UBC, 1:00pm  
Nov 5: Western Final (if UBC plays)

#### THUNDERBIRD HOCKEY - FRIDAYS

Oct 28: Regina at UBC, 7:30pm  
Nov 11: Manitoba at UBC, 7:30pm

#### THUNDERBIRD BASKETBALL

WOMEN - Nov 9: UBC at SFU, 7:00pm  
MEN - Nov 18-19: Victoria at UBC, 7:30pm

## VANCOUVER FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL PRESENTS



**Murray McLauchlan & Band**  
The country's only stunt-flying songwriter; a nine-time Juno winner; returns to the Centre with Danny Greenspoon on guitar and Kit Johnson playing bass.  
**OCTOBER 4-8 8:30 PM**

**RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT & UTAH PHILLIPS**  
The original singing bohemian cowboy meets the "rumour in his own mind".  
**OCTOBER 11 8 PM**

**DAVID OLNEY**  
"The Leonard Cohen of the mid-south" Nashville Banner  
**OCTOBER 16 8 PM**

**FRANKIE ARMSTRONG**  
A Vancouver favorite returns for a rare solo concert  
**OCTOBER 23 8 PM**

all concerts at the  
**Vancouver East Cultural Centre**  
1895 Venables at Victoria  
**Reservations 254-9578**

Tickets at Black Swan, Highlife and the Vancouver Folk Music Festival.

**WHAT YOU WANT,  
WHERE YOU WANT IT!**  
**The CiTR Mobile Sound Rental**  
**SUB RM 233 • UBC • 228-3017 • Mon-Fri 10-4**

CiTR 101.9 FM

PRESENTS

*slash*

Recording Artists

# SONS *of* FREEDOM

in concert

three nights only

*never retract,*

**OCTOBER 20**

**THURSDAY**

with special guests  
from New York City

*The Honeymoon*  
**KILLERS**

*never retreat,*

**October 21**

**FRIDAY**

featuring  
**DJ Mick Shea**

*never apologize,*

**October 22**

**SATURDAY**

with guests

**TOWN PUMP, 66 WATER ST. 683-6695**

Tickets available at Zulu Records, Odyssey Imports, Track Records  
and the Town Pump



# OVERSOUL 7

## THE INTRODUCTION

The interview for this article was done in a West End coffee bar. Present were Len Morgan (bass, clotheshorse) and Darrell Shibley (drums and horse lover); absent was Adam Gejdos (vocals, guitar and beyond horse laryngitis). We talked, drank coffee, and then Len and I went for some liquid depressants of the central nervous system.

## THE BAND

When asked how the band started, Darrell and Len immediately told two completely different stories.

"I remember being the guy who phoned the other two and saying 'let's do it,'" recalls Darrell. Meanwhile, Len claims that Adam's girlfriend started the band. "Carol phoned me and demanded to know why I didn't want to play with Adam. I said I did, but when I talked to him he seemed kind of busy, so anyway we started the band." As Len finishes this sentence, Darrell turns to him and says, "I didn't know that! Hmm...I guess the answer is WE DON'T KNOW HOW THE BAND STARTED, although Adam will claim we appeared to him in a dream."

Despite this rather uncertain start, the group soon found its feet and began writing songs. These songs, according to both Darrell and Len, were the work of three people rather than a group. "It was like, I'm the drummer, so I drum and Adam's the singer so he writes the lyrics." However this is all said in relation to their latest release.

"Originally we were just going to make a demo, so we took some tapes we had made to Studio 525 to have them mixed. But Mike (Landolt), the engineer there said, 'This is unmixable. Why don't we make a record and do it properly?' So we did." The results of those sessions became Fool Revelation. Getting the record, pressed, packaged and released fell to Edge Records, run by one Scott Gubbels. Their memories of this union are fairly clear.

"Adam and Scott met at ICA (a school for sound engineers and music business types)", recalls Len. "Then they bumped into each other just after we had recorded the record...so Adam said, 'I'm still trying to get my record released' and Scott said, 'I'm still trying to start my record company.'" The connection waiting to be made was obvious enough that Adam's girlfriend didn't have to push them together, "but she was probably there."

Edge Records has on its roster (aside from Oversoul 7) Numb, a local industrial dance band, and Club of Rome, "a commercial pop band." The latter of which just happens to have Scott's younger brother in it...one can imagine the conversations during dinner: "Well dear, you put out records by other people, isn't it time you did something for the family?" "Yes, Mom."

"He's spending a lot of time and money (earned as a chef at White Spot) making sure it's 'right' on his end," states Len. This included a quick jaunt to New York for the New Music Seminar (the holy grail for 'alternative' bands hoping to make the right business connections). "I didn't even know he'd gone, he just up and went," says Len with bemused amazement.

Following the release of the first record were two Canadian tours, one with 54-40 and then one on their own. "It was interesting," says Darrell. "We'd have people coming out to see us after hearing about us, or seeing us the first time we passed through." "Actually they're fans, not people," corrects Len. "They bought T-shirts, they're fans."

"We want to get our name up there," says Darrell of their goals. "We don't just want to be a basement band." "We've got a good crew of people around us, and we'd like to take them with us," adds Len. The crew includes Scott (see above); Blair "our video director/roadie/comedian"; Lane, their manager; Lyndsey "we got her to do our album cover, now she's doing our posters"; and Mike, their soundman/engineer.

"It feels really good when people offer their services...it makes me feel that they have faith or belief in us," says Len, slightly embarrassed by this admission. "Or it could be that they just want to meet girls," adds Darrell.

## THE RECORD

The new album, self-titled because everyone in the band vetoed everyone else's suggestions ("It's fuckin' communism," jokes Len.) "The next one will be Os 7 II," says Darrell. Like Led Zep II? "No, no...just like Chicago," interjects Len. "Yeah, Chicago. I hate Peter Cetera. You can print that," states Darrell, then adding, "Len likes George Michael." "I do," he agrees. "And I like Chic, also."

Most of you will be relieved to know none of this is apparent by listening to the album. Over its ten song length one can hear what Len and Darrell mean when they say things like, "We've tried to be true to the songs...if it's a rock song we play it like a rock song" and the same with "slow pop songs." They also talk about "streamlined" songs in which "things have to be there for a reason." A process they were aided in by co-producer Keith Porteous (Gangland Management, ie 54-40 and Sons of Freedom).

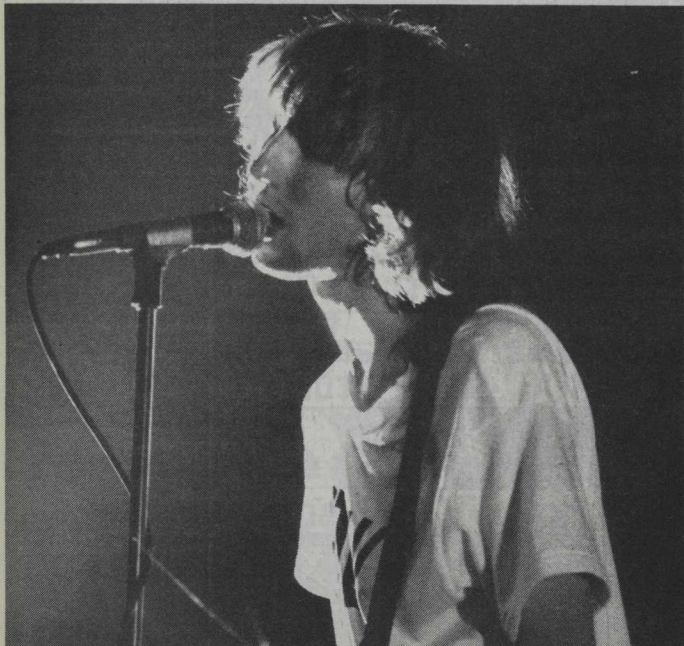


Photo: Mandel Ngan



The big change on this record, from the last one, is that the songs are a product of the whole band, with everyone writing.

"It's a concept album," explains Len. "I didn't realize it until half way through the recording, but it is." "That's only one opinion," injects Darrell. "Yeah, it is," agrees Len, and then continues, "the first concept is that our listeners are intelligent enough to figure things out for themselves. And the second is...figure it out."

For most people, the impression the new Oversoul Seven release will make is one of a catchy pop/rock guitar album with the influence of the "School of Athens (Ga.)" present. Thus, the tracks run from the fairly straight ahead guitar pop of *Crack*, to the rather crunchy rock tune *One and One is Three*, to the album's finish with the strangely charming, *Follow the Leader*, which contains a wonderfully cheesy organ riff. "The Band chose *Bring Me Around* as the most suitable for a video," notes Scott. "I'm not sure what a radio station would play." The public will be able to decide what to play when the record arrives in mid-October.

#### THE VIDEO

"I dunno, I haven't seen it. Terry David Mulligan has, and he played it on Much Music West," says the embarrassed writer to his editor.

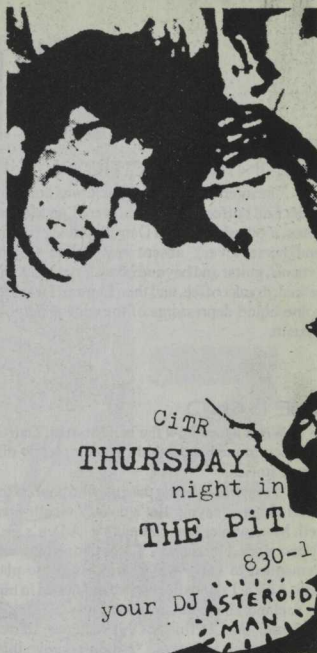
#### THE SHOW

Live, the band remains three distinct personalities. Most of the attention seems to be centered on Len as he skitters, circles, bounces, trips and plays his way around the stage. Behind him Darrell pounds away on his drum kit while singing the occasional backing vocal. In front of and beside this flurry of sound and motion, Adam stands, sings and plays guitar - almost completely oblivious to how often Len comes close to accidentally clobbering him with his bass. "We like to keep it intense live. We want it to be more than just another gig...we want to drain the audience and we want to be drained." Presumably, all the parties involved will want to lay back and have a cigarette afterwards.

#### THE CONCLUSION

When asked if they have any final words, Len and Darrell offered several. "None of us wears a watch." How do you know if you're on time for practice? "We know, we can feel it...umh, or we're late." However, Darrell settles on something he once read on a condom dispenser, "it said 'if she's a moaner this will make her a screamer, if she's a screamer this will get you arrested,' so come see us play - we'll make you scream, or get you arrested." A comment which leads Len to note, "Some people won't get it even if they do come see us."

Pat Carroll



Hallowe'en ~ All Hallows Eve

Costumes, wigs, make-up, masques

Vintage clothing, ethnic, new crazy gear

Cabbages & Kinx 306 W. Cordoba

669-4238

The Web Underground 710 Robson St.

681-8732

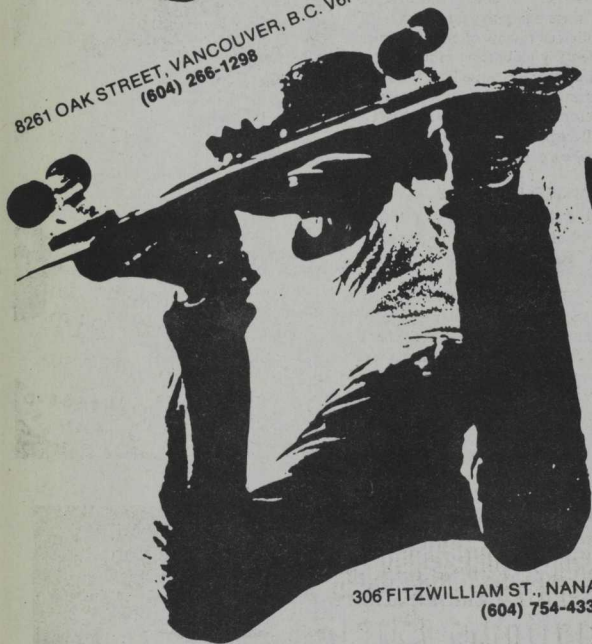


# TUB-TECH

CONCAVE

8261 OAK STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C. V6P 4A8  
(604) 266-1298

1405 HUNTER ST., NORTH VANCOUVER V7J 1H3  
(604) 987-1975



306 FITZWILLIAM ST., NANAIMO, B.C. V9R 3A5  
(604) 754-4335

# TUB CONCAVE TECH

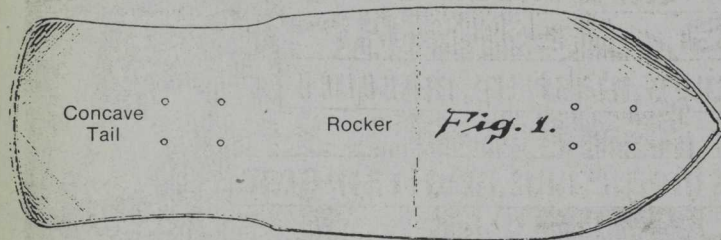
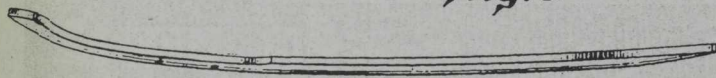


Fig. 2.



YES, THE NEW SKULL SKATES  
TUB TECH CONCAVE  
AVAILABLE NOW  
IN THE FOLLOWING MODELS:

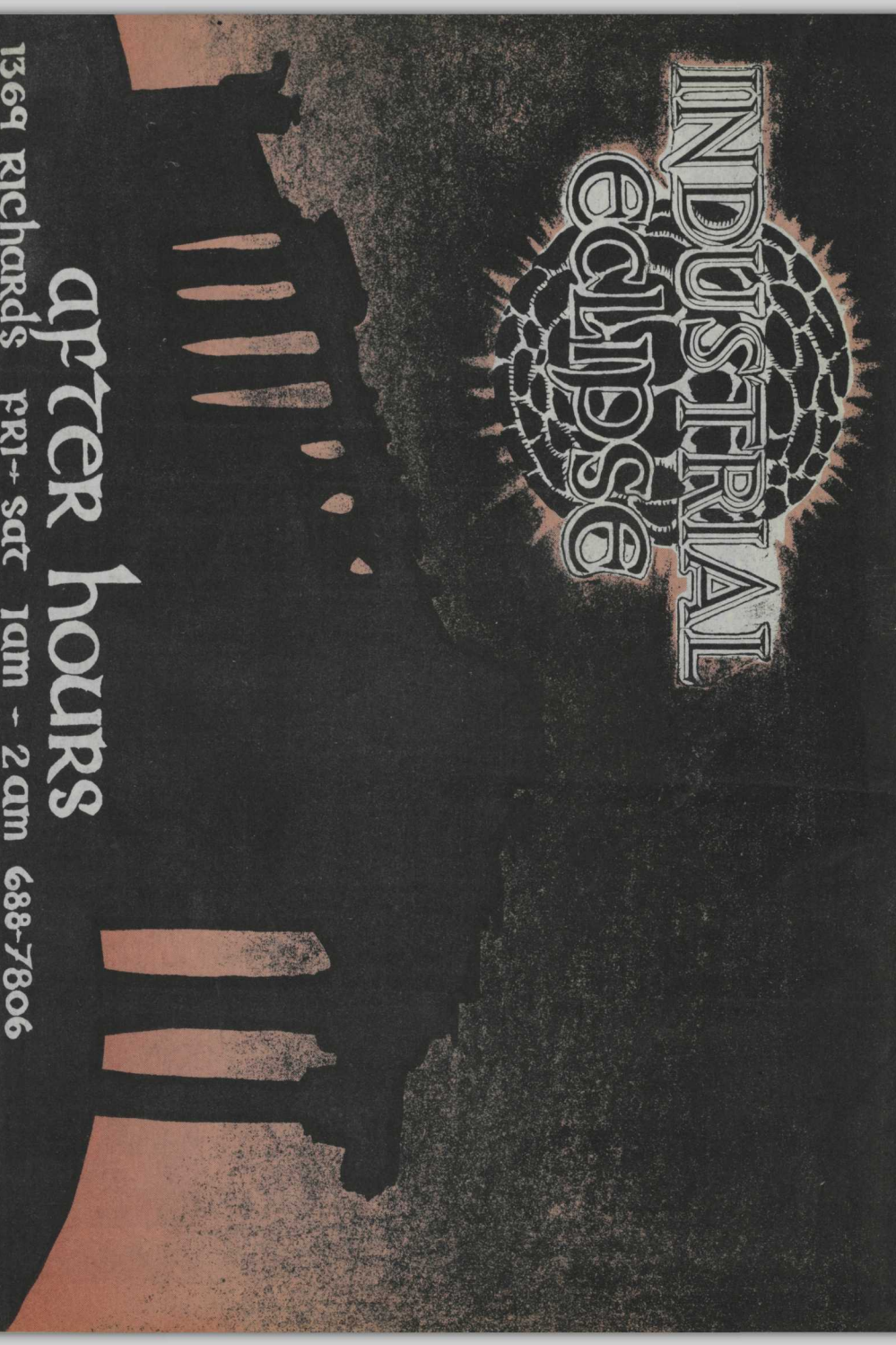
- CCCP SKATE
- MONDO MUTINY
- RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
- DEAD GUYS • GANG GREEN
- TOD SWANK
- JUSTIN LOVELY
- SOCIAL DISTORTION
- NEW DUANE PETERS PRO MODEL

**P.D.'S HOT SHOP** <sup>TM</sup>



take the gnarly air!

# INDUSTRIAL ecips



after hours

1369 richards fri - sat 1am - 2am 688-7806